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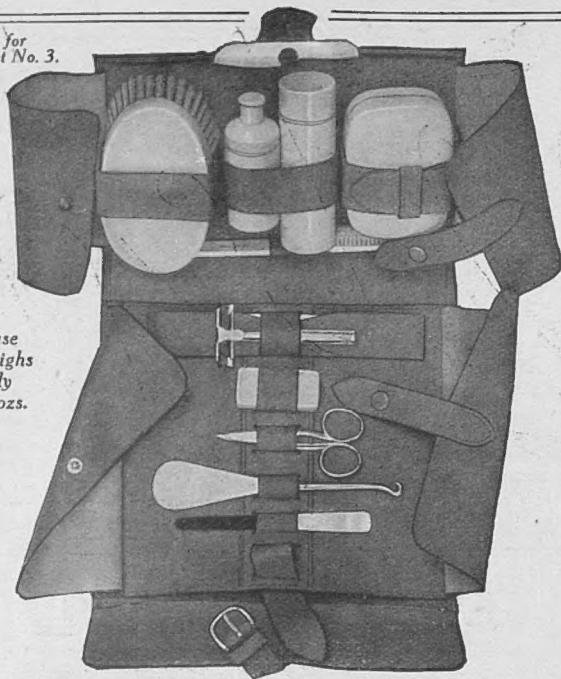
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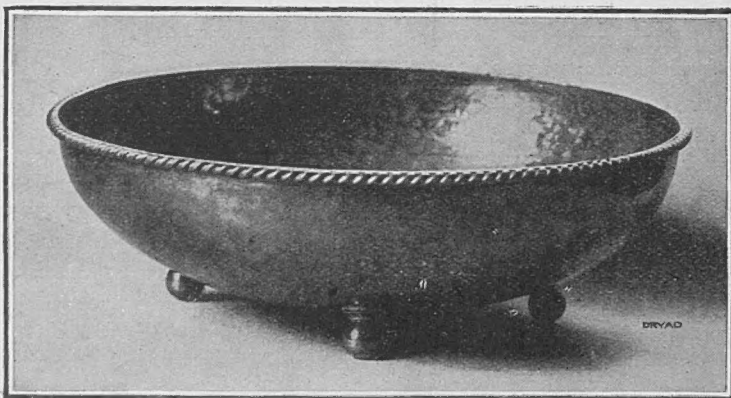
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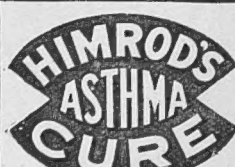
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The Sketch

No. 1208—Vol. XCIII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22, 1916.

SIXPENCE.



THE REVERSE OF SEEDY: MISS JULIA JAMES—THE BEATRICE CARRAWAY OF "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT!"

The name of Carraway has a certain association with seeds; but there is nothing quite the reverse, in fact, as our photograph shows. Miss Julia James is still playing "seedy" about the Beatrice Carraway of "To-night's the Night!" at the Gaiety—the part with great success, and her frocks are worthy of herself.

Photograph by Rita Martin

WORKERS FOR, AND WIVES OF, FIGHTERS FOR THE EMPIRE.



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THE WIFE OF A FAMOUS BESIEGED GENERAL:
MRS. TOWNSHEND.



WIFE OF A WOUNDED MAHARAJA: H.H. THE MAHARANI
OF TIKARI.

Lady Stanley is the wife of Sir Albert Stanley, Managing-Director of the Underground Electric Railways Company, the London General Omnibus Company, and other important features of the great London traffic systems. She takes great interest in the welfare of the wives of soldiers and sailors and has done a great deal for the Association at Wimbledon, and for other war charities.—The Hon. Lady Williamson is the wife of Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P. for Elginshire and Nairnshire, and

daughter of the first Baron Herschell. She is one of the Hon. Secretaries of the Endsleigh Palace Hospital.—Mrs. Townshend is the wife of General Charles Vere Ferrers Townshend, C.B., D.S.O., the gallant officer in command of the force at Kut-el-Amara, now invested by the Turks—H.H. the Maharani of Tikari is the wife of Lieutenant H.H. the Maharaja of Tikari, who has been wounded in France, fighting for the Empire. She is well known in London Society and musical circles.

MARRIED TO AN M.P. "TENACIOUS OF PURPOSE."



WIFE OF THE MAN WHO "WANTS TO KNOW, YOU KNOW": LADY MARKHAM.

Lady Markham is the wife of that able and persistent Member of Parliament who "wants to know, you know," Sir Arthur Basil Markham, who sits for the Mansfield Division of Notts and may safely be reckoned as one of the coming men in those golden days in store when it may again be said that "None were for a Party," but "All were for the State." Lady Markham, who is the daughter of Captain A. B. Cunningham, formerly of the Royal Artillery, was married to Sir Arthur in 1898,

and has two sons, as well as a daughter with the frankly unconventional and wholly delightful name of Joyous. Sir Arthur Markham's mother was a daughter of Sir Joseph Paxton, of Crystal Palace renown. The family motto of the Member for the Mansfield Division is "Tenacious of purpose," and bravely does he live up to it. Lady Markham's country home is Newstead Abbey, the associations of which with Lord Byron are part of the history of the country.—[*Photograph by Bassano.*]

PHRYNETTE'S LETTERS. TO LONELY SOLDIERS.

FROM UNDER A DOWN QUILT.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN. (Author of "Phrynette and London" and "Phrynette Married.")



LENT—fasting, praying, and meditating. To be quite frank, I don't think

London is fasting furiously! Praying, perhaps; if to wish, and yearn, and long for your safety is to pray, well, then, we are always at it! Meditating, no; with the best will in the world, there's nowhere and no-when for anyone to meditate. Everyone is

working worser than ever, unless, like me, one is forced by influenza to remain in bed with a hot-water bottle for my material comfort, and your letters under my pillow for the soothing of my soul. If you find me dreadfully dull this week, please be patient with me; that's the only reason why I tell you this, and not for you to pity me, of course. For it would be absurd to be sorry over one's own sneezes, when one is smothered under a big, big quilt (comma), with a nice doctor who forgets he is busy and tells one funny stories if one takes one's medicine as if it were *crème-de-menthe*, while "yous" are up to your waist in snow with a past, in the midst of rats and Germans, and yet manage to write me such dear, cheerful, brave letters!

Lent—I think everybody ought to give up something; you have given up everything, and we should all make some little sacrifice—I have determined to give up my medicine.

Lent—we Catholics, contrarily to what is generally believed, can get married in Lent, but it must be *sans tambour ni trompette*—without rejoicings, you know, obvious rejoicings, I mean, of course; *sans* Mendelssohn and merry-making. I don't suppose it is a sin to be happy in the circumstances, only you must not shout it from the church-steeple, so to speak! And, speaking of weddings, a *ghastly* thing happened some time ago. It was a smart, swell, swish ceremony. A handsome You, a pretty bride, an aristocratic crowd, and the most eloquent preacher in town; in fact, so eloquent was he, so fluent, so inspired, so carried away, that when the sermon was over the time fixed for the breakfast was long past. They all repaired to Clarpringe's, where the feast was to be held, with as much diligence as decorum allowed, to find that—it was really a dreadful disappointment, and I know you'll commiserate keenly, and I am trying to diminish the disaster as much as possible—well, to find that, though there were Gargantuan goodies and enough to feed a famished town—there was nothing to drink. The hands of the clock forbade it. Hold; there was ice-water in plenty, and lemon-squash, and Perrier, Vichy, and all source and sort of water from well-water to bottled Niagara, I suppose! The bridegroom received a nasty jar (and as he is wounded, poor dear, those emotions are very bad for him), he looked wildly at his bride—white, pale, and drooping like a tired lily (water-lily!) and, no doubt he was thinking: "Here art Thou, and here is the Bough (there was gorgeous greenery about); but *where*, oh *where*, is the Flask of Wine?" A young Captain broke the news to me. He bent a shocked and pained countenance towards me and whispered tragically: "I say, this is rotten luck—have you heard?" "No," I gasped back, clutching the button that indicates the exact place where my heart is. "What's happened? Don't say it is Verdun?" "No, not Verdun, *verre d'eau*!" Execrable, wasn't it (the pun, I

mean; the water was excellent); but rumour has it that the men somehow managed to meet someone they knew, a resident in the hotel—London isn't the Desert, though they were thirsty; and he offered them—milk-and-soda, I think it was; anyway, something with soda in it.

Quite a calamity, wasn't it? Like the Cana nuptials, only the reverse! I hope the marriage is valid, all the same, though!

Personally, regulation time doesn't trouble me much, for I am under orders to quench my thirst on Camomille tea and such old-fashioned infusions. Quite nice, really; they brew it for you in any restaurant in France. I am sure you don't even know what Camomille is! If you do, you are cleverer than the chemist-man to whom the Imp went the other day to buy the little beneficial flowers for me.

THE IMP: "Good morning, M'sieur, how do you do? Do you keep Camomille?" THE CHEMIST (with surprise, not to say suspicion): "Camomille? Camomille?" (then, with the strength of an assured conscience): "No, I do NOT!" Said the Imp to me, coming back empty-handed: "The man seemed to be defending himself against an accusation! I believe he thought Camomille was a woman's name. He said he did *not* keep Camomille as if he meant: 'Who is this Camomille? I am a model married man, I'd like you to know!'"

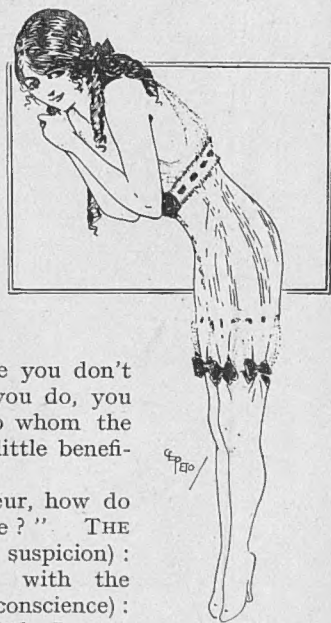
Absurd, of course! My opinion is that the chemist thought Camomille was a German poison, and the Imp, with her suspicious politeness, an alien enemy bent on brewing mischief!

This room might be a Press-cutting office, judging by the newspapers' extracts lying about, for which many thanks, amiable readers. The one that amused me most, and which may be of some use to the "yous" still in Camp, but who are dreaming of Palms and Pyramids, veiled maidens and mosques, figs and flies, fair and fat Fatimas, camels and conquests—romantic Egypt, in a word. This cutting is a short cut to love as it is spoken in Arabic. Listen and learn:

"By way of intellectual relaxation, the Army is endeavouring to become proficient in Arabic. A number of thoughtful Egyptians have compiled little phrase-books for the use of our soldiers, the study of which is more refreshing than palm-trees or brooks of water in the desert. The most instructive of these is the 'British Soldier's Colloquial Arabic Pocket Guide,' by Mohammed Hammam.

"In his first conversation, after some preliminary skirmishing with 'Good dam' and 'Thank you,' our soldier finds himself talking to a gentleman who says his name is Mohammed. The Britisher asks: 'Do you speak English?' The reply is: 'Little, Sir.' 'What do you want from me?' comes next. 'I want to drink beer with you,' says Mohammed. 'I have no money. Go away,' rejoins the soldier.

"This is the very type and model of a Cairene conversation: the suggestions on one side being what they usually are, and the replies on the other what they should be. (So—well, I am rather annoyed at Mohammed Hammam. According to him, all the courtesy and affability is on the side of the native; read on, rather!)



"Who is this Camomille?"



"Now that we have re-learned how to walk, we are quite pleased with our stride, and proud of our feet."



"I don't think London is fasting furiously!"

"Mohammed plunges the British soldier head over heels into a love-affair. He begins haughtily: 'Come here, girl.' The lady replies politely: 'Yes, Sir.' 'What is your name?' 'My name is Hanem.' 'You are pretty and gentle and sympathetic, too. I love you so much,' says the soldier.

"I love you, too, Sir," replies the maid. But the underlying cynicism of the author rudely breaks the course of dalliance. He gives us a lovers' quarrel in three hurried, vindictive sentences. 'You are a liar!' 'You are a cunning!' 'You love me for my money!' Here the soldier's passion overcomes his anger. 'Your cheek is rosy,' he cries; sheer Oriental hyperbole, of course; cheeks are never rosy in Egypt—and he pleads for a kiss, being rude enough, I regret to say, to offer humorously half a millième (about half a farthing) for that which should be priceless. Visits to the bar and the restaurant are less instructive, although at the latter place the British soldier is taught to call for a 'cup of tea, with butter'; and when the waiter says: 'You are a gentleman,' to reply: 'You have that baksheesh,' doubtless with the emphasis on the verb.

"We then have interviews with a carrier (cabman), a donkey-boy, and a merchant; all of which repay study, and we wind up with a dialogue headed, 'The Beggar.' It runs as follows: 'Sir, I am a blind.' 'Half piastre, please?' 'I am very poor, I beg you, I am very hungry; I am very thirsty (sic).' All this time the beggar is running on unanswered, which is just what would happen. The British soldier now replies. You must imagine short intervals between each sentence. 'I have no money'; 'Go on'; 'Get away, donkey'; 'Is the ass?'; 'Get a h—' (Rooh fi dahia.) That settles the beggar—"

I hope that you over there, Somewhere in my Country, won't let the other fellows in Egypt cut you out in the way of linguistic accomplishment, and that you will all take advantage of your stay in France to furbish up your French until you speak it like diplomats. Learn it colloquially, too; beware of literal translation. I wonder whether the little warning in the following story which was told me by a French officer will get a grin out of you. It was at a dinner-party here in London, and, my French friend not speaking English eloquently, his elbow-neighbour at table took pity on him and courageously carried on the conversation in French. She was a nice, motherly woman, and my countryman was soon so much at ease with her that he ventured to ask her whether she knew who was the charming girl in pink, opposite. "Why, yes," said the lady radiantly; "she is one of my daughters, and she is looking rather tired, though, studying hard preparing her exams.; she wants to become a doctor. All my four girls are engaged on war-work of some sort. This one in white on your left, two but one—" Zee prettee one?—" Well, the one in white, yes; she has a garage and a school for driving and motor-repairing, and so on, with only women-drivers and mechanics." The interest of the Frenchman was growing by leaps and bounds. "Courageuses jeunes filles!" he murmured; "and so young, and so feminine with it all. And the curly-headed girl in yellow, with the long lashes, over there; looking down at her bread—do you know her, too?" "She is my eldest daughter," said the lady, smiling happily. "She has just started a Model Bakery, staffed entirely by women. You should see their get-up—all white, smartly cut overalls, white stockings, low, turned-down collars, and the quaintest of tight-fitting skull-caps—most amusing; they all look like Pierrots playing with flour; but they work with a heart, just the same."

The Frenchman was eagerly looking round the table for the fourth of those wonderful daughters. "My youngest is not here," added his neighbour, perhaps guessing at his thought. "No?" He would hardly have been surprised to hear that the fourth girl was at an all-night debate in Parliament; but what he did hear did surprise him. "No; my Benjamin, my prettiest, too, had to go abroad; she is in your country. She is—er—how say you? *nourrice* to



"But wouldn't it be tragic if 'he' came back just as the rest-cure was due!"

the French soldiers," said the mother proudly. My countryman soon guessed. "Oh, Made-moiselle is a nurse, an *infirmière*, a *garde-malade*, bravo! Madame, I *félicite* you!"

The good lady would have kept things lively in the Censor's office, don't you think? A man I know who works there was telling me the other day—I wasn't under the quilt, then; I wasn't suffering from influenza yet, I mean—of a funny little incident that happened in his office; nothing confidential, of course. You see, he is putting his patriotism and polyglottery, or whatever you call it, at the service of the Government, and they make him sort letters and put aside those that contain bombs and treachery. It seems that the murdering—of the King's English that goes on under cover is simply hair-raising. Well, the other day, the man I know heard a girl-clerk muttering puzzlingly: "Whatever?—I can't think!—it's a code, of course." Upon his inquiring, she showed him a letter sent to Germany, or from Germany, I forget which—a short, simple, straightforward, if somewhat sentimental letter. "That looks all right," said my friend; "ah! but the envelope! what does it mean?" On the flap, four letters defied their wits. "S.W.A.K." it read. They spent half-an-hour "rebus-ing" unsuccessfully. At last, "You'd better take it to the Chief," said the man. But the Chief was just as non-plussed. He had the envelope turned inside out; then he looked at the letters standing on their heads; then he looked at them in a mirror; then against the light; then he gave them a cold bath, then a hot ironing—for fear of a chill. He did, in fact, whatever is done generally to mysterious documents of that sort. Then he gathered the envelope into a ball, threw it on the floor and said: "D—ear me! Excuse me, Miss Smith, but this thing is provoking!" Upon Miss Smith agreeing that it was, the Chief picked up the envelope, smoothed it, replaced the letter inside and dropped it into a special bag. "S.W.A.K. It's a code, no doubt—safer not to send it." And Miss Smith departed. A few minutes after, a timid knock at the Chief's door. Re-enters Miss Smith, blushing, yet with a triumphant twinkle in her eye. "I think, Sir," she said shyly, "that the letter is quite safe, after all." "Discovered something, eh?" "Well, Sir, I just put myself in the place of the writer—that is, I thought the writer might mean merely something sweet and—" "Yes?"—"S.W.A.K. might it not mean—" "Yes?"—"Sealed with a kiss, Sir?"

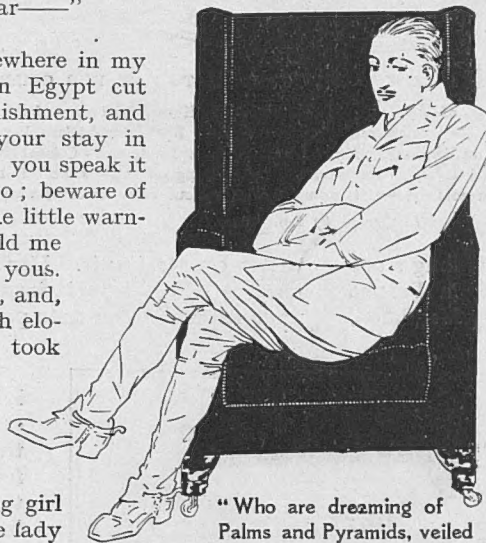
The letter was fished out of the bag.

There are some cosy tea-parties, these days. The girl who is doing war-work feels entitled to a *négligé* when she gets home, and pops into a frothy, flimsy tea-gown, arranges her curls under a dainty lace-cap and receives looking gracefully languid. Of course, only *amis intimes* are admitted to this *demi-lever*, or *levée*, as you say in English, but strict etiquette has been hardly hit by the war. "*Tant mieux!*" say I. And everyone understands that all work and no rest would make of Jill a dull girl indeed.

More mode for the male. Fashion seen in the Bois de Boulogne shows very short skirts, as short as a *vivandière's*. The dress-makers in London, however, Paquin and the like, say the demure, long, full skirt will appear with the spring. Personally, I don't believe it; now that we have re-learned how to walk, we are

quite pleased with our stride, and proud of our feet. Only it isn't an economical mode at all. The higher the boot, the longer the bill. Women who like short skirts, but whose purse is also short, will be compelled to take rest-cures whenever their exceedingly long boots need renewing. Smartness may demand that they shall have three pairs in three months, whereas their income only allows of two pairs. Result: an enforced rest-cure when the time comes for the third pair to be donned and the money is not forthcoming.

"Better be out of the world than be out of fashion!" as you say. But wouldn't it be tragic if "he" came back just as the rest-cure was due!



"Who are dreaming of Palms and Pyramids, veiled maidens and mosques."



"I think everybody ought to give up something; . . . I have determined to give up my medicine."

SMALL TALK

THE London onlooker has always been interested in Lord Walsingham's experiment in town property. When he pulled down his private house in Arlington Street and erected Walsingham House, partly for chambers and partly for the Isthmian Club, and, later, when he converted the establishment into the Walsingham Hotel, he was something of a pioneer. He seemed, too, to be something of a success when the Ritz Hotel Company paid him a sum not much removed from a quarter of a million for his lease and goodwill. The odd thing is that the whole transaction should now turn out to have been an unlucky rather than a lucky shot. Lord Walsingham, of course, has had an interest in life greater than money-grubbing. He is supposed to have collected for his own cases something like twenty thousand specimens of butterflies and moths, and has shot every sort of thing, from a humming-bird to a sea-lion.

Mary Magdalen and Lady Maidstone helped to arrange the strange little performance last Friday at 5, Wetherby Gardens. It consisted mainly of a reading of Anatole France's "Le Procureur de Judée," and Miss Ruth Lyster danced. It is long since we grew accustomed to drawing-room Salomés; Anatole France goes one better. He gives the dance of the piece to Mary Magdalen, and it was in that character that Miss Ruth Lyster waved her arms and swayed the whole of her most expressive person.

The Clarissa Company. Another strange little performance—a description which does not imply it was not charming into the bargain—was arranged by Miss Hester Sainsbury for six Saturday and Sunday performances during March at 71, Royal Hospital Road, Chelsea. The performers are nameless. Adam, Eve, the Girl, her Soul, Georgia, George, Corinna, Flora—none of them are named on the programme, but one suspects a few of them of being actors for the week-end only: amateurs whose Colonels known to what uses leave is sometimes put. The Clarissa Company, however they may be, owe a great deal to Miss Sainsbury, who writes the plays, designs the costumes, and invents the dances. It would seem from the success of performances out of the ordinary that unconventionality is distinctly in demand.



SECRETARY OF THE HUT FLAG DAY: THE COUNTESS OF WILTON.

The "Hut" movement has done much good work, and it will, no doubt, be substantially helped by the "Flag" day which is to be held in May, under the auspices of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., and for which the Countess of Wilton is acting as Secretary.

Photograph by Lafayette.

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A Westminster Dovecote.

From all accounts, the House liked its new member on his first appearance. He left the electors in great form; he was, they said, going to Westminster to tell the Commons what to do. And when he rose to face the House he felt, like many another rebel before him, a little shy. It was so very human that most Members cheered encouragingly, or, as one of them said in the smoking-room afterwards, "He did the Billing and we did the cooing, and between us the speech went quite respectably."

Preparing for the 31st.

Mrs. Colefax is arranging the Star and

Garter Concert to be held on the last day of the month at 49, Belgrave Square. The house is Mrs. Otto Beit's, and a very good house for the purpose, too; but the energy is all Mrs. Colefax's. Popular in Society (especially in political Society), and the wife of a popular man, she knows everybody who is by way of having a house to lend, or of being otherwise useful in making a concert more than ordinarily successful. There is something more than usually promising in her scheme, and certainly something much more than ordinarily picturesque in the letters she writes concerning it. Her handwriting reminds one of her family's many artistic associations, but in her case the decorative sense finds expression on note-paper instead of canvas.

Sales and Damsels.

Obviously there were not enough Irish girls to go round last Friday, nor enough Irish titles to distribute among the big shops and hotels. Nobody, therefore, felt it at all necessary to be the real thing; everybody, on the other hand, felt inclined to go shamrock-selling. It has become part of the game to turn the "smarties" into genuine business girls for such occasions; and the head of a district who persuaded the only really pretty Countess on her list to descend into the Bakerloo just at the most crowded hour of the morning, and go stumbling over the feet of City men (a few of them obdurate behind pipes and morning papers), was justified in the takings. A full box was the thing that counted. At Debenham's resplendent lunch to the forty sellers on the D. and F. beat (including Lady Ninian Crichton-Stuart and Lady Eva Gordon), all the talk was of the morning's totals. And it appeared one damsel secured twice as much as anybody else.



MARRIED, ON MARCH 21, TO CAPTAIN B. P. GREENWOOD: MISS KATHLEEN DUDLEY.

Miss Dudley (Mrs. Greenwood) is the daughter of the late Mr. G. H. Dudley, and Mrs. Dudley, of Kingswinford, Staffordshire. Captain Greenwood is in the Royal Flying Corps, and is the elder son of Mr. B. I. Greenwood, of Shoreham, Kent.

Photograph by Lafayette.

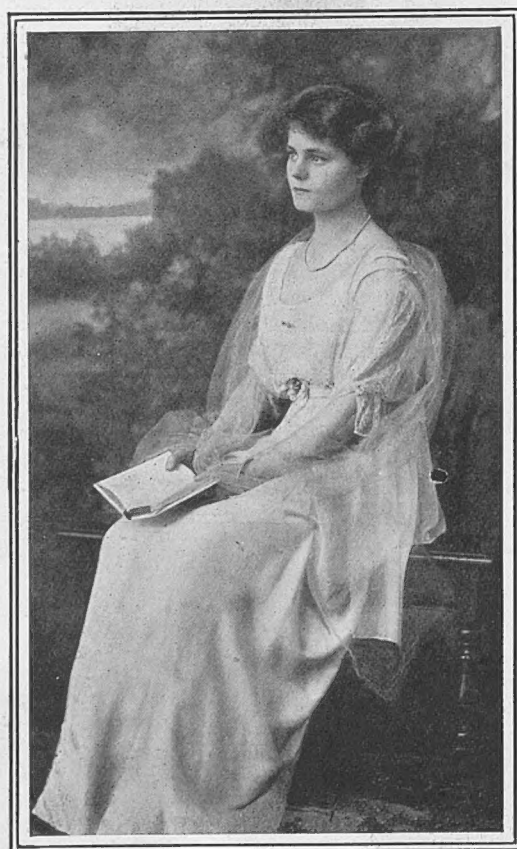


BUSY WITH WAR-WORK: LADY DUNGLOSS; WITH TWO OF HER CHILDREN.

Lady Dunglass is the wife of the heir to the Earl of Home, and was before her marriage Miss Lilian Lambton, daughter of Colonel the Hon. Frederick William Lambton, twin brother of the Earl of Durham. Lord Dunglass is a Lieutenant-Colonel in the Lanarkshire Yeomanry, and is on active service. Lady Dunglass has collected nearly £700 for a Y.M.C.A. hut for soldiers, and is occupied with various other kinds of war-work.

Photograph by Lafayette.

writes concerning it. Her handwriting reminds one of her family's many artistic associations, but in her case the decorative sense finds expression on note-paper instead of canvas.



TO MARRY CAPTAIN GUY RASCH, D.S.O.: MISS PHYLLIS GREVILLE.

Miss Phyllis Greville is the beautiful daughter of Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Alwyn Henry Fulke Greville, brother of the Earl of Warwick, and the Hon. Mrs. Greville, and was born in 1893. Captain Guy Rasch, D.S.O., of the Grenadier Guards, is the second son of Lady Rasch and the late Sir Frederic Carne Rasch, and brother of the present Baronet.

Photograph by Alice Hughes.

THE COLONEL AND HIS NEW "NUT" (EVERY APOLOGY!)



COLONEL WINSTON CHURCHILL IN A SHRAPNEL-PROOF HELMET—AND OTHER STUDIES OF HIS HEADGEAR.

If Colonel the Right Hon. Winston Spencer Churchill, P.C., has one among his many notable qualities which dominates the others, it is his versatility. In his two-and-forty years of life he has crowded notable achievements in many fields. But we do not deal with the brilliant young statesman's head, and all the wisdom and wit which it contains, but with his hats—varied as their owner's talents and accomplishments. His hats are stories without words. We see him in the very latest steel helmet as a soldier on active service. We have suggestions of him at polo in Madrid; on the

golf links at Cannes; in agriculturist style at Buckingham; and in "Elder Brother" uniform leaving the Guildhall. Again, the white hat with its black band is of Society, but characteristically out of the ruck; he is seen in yachting garb; and at Army manoeuvres in uniform. There are the square-crowned felt hat of the yeoman-farmer type, and the conventional topper, and a quaint little hat of the Tyrolese type, which must have called for some skill to keep on. But it is the head, not the hat, which matters, and with Mr. Churchill it is a case of "Head wins!"

Photographs by Illustrations Bureau, Nuevo Mundo, Topical, Newspaper Illustrations, G.P.U., C.N., and World's Graphic Press.



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD
("Chicot").

"The Gasper." To the number of deeply interesting and greatly prized journals that have been sent to me by unknown friends in Flanders and France I must now add the *Gasper*, which describes itself as "The Unofficial Organ of the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st (P.S.) Royal Fusiliers: Edited from the Trenches."

There is a drawing on the front page of the *Gasper*, signed W. H. Wheatcroft. There is a haunting power about this drawing. It seems that a certain daily paper alluded to the Empire, Public Schools', Sportsman's, and such-like battalions as the "Fancy Battalions." The expression rankled, as one might expect, and Mr. Wheatcroft's drawing is a bitterly scathing reply. It shows a typical member of one of these "Fancy Battalions," clad in shirt, breeches, boots, and puttees, leaning on his spade and contemplating, sadly, a row of newly made graves. There is a cross over the first grave, bearing the inscription, "Private J. Smith—1st Fancy Battalion."

Says the Gravedigger: "This is about like the rest, anyway!" I leave it at that, and the members of the "Fancy Battalions" may also leave it at that. The Editor and cartoonist of the *Gasper* have taken a dignified but a very awful revenge.

That is the only serious item in the *Gasper*. The other pages are stuffed with the mirth and high spirits which will always be associated with our eternal Expeditionary Force. Any man young enough and free enough and fit enough to join such a glorious company, who yet prefers to worry to death and mope to death in England, should not be bullied. He should be medically examined as to the head. It is lack of understanding—call it imagination, if you like—not lack of heart which makes the shirker. Get his imagination going, and he would soon go too.

"N.C.C." I am not surprised that a certain number of the young men of England find themselves a little bewildered by the chaotic things they read in the papers. I am a pretty old hand at reading papers, and at helping to make them, but I must confess to being baffled at least once a day. So what chance has the young fellow who has no clue to the workings of the editorial mind?

For example. There lies on my table a halfpenny evening paper with a large circulation. On the front page of this paper I read that, according to the *Times*, "It is intended to draft into the Non-Combatant Corps physically unfit volunteers, who are passed by the doctor for sedentary occupations and clerical duties."

Very well. As an ordinary individual, I am prepared to honour a man who, though physically unfit, has offered himself voluntarily to the country so that the country may use him as it will. I say that that man is as much a hero as the strong, fit young fellow who goes to the trenches. How can he help his physical disabilities? He might have shirked his duty altogether, pleading his physical condition. But he did not. He offered himself, freely and without condition.

I turn the page, and I find a set of verses headed "N.C.C." And the first line of the first verse runs, "He's a No-Conscription Coward"! Is any man with "N.C.C." on his collar, including the man I have described above, to be branded as a "No-Conscription Coward"? An allied paper, published hours before, stated the facts fully and clearly. Can you wonder, I ask, that the young men of

England find themselves a little bewildered by some of the newspapers?

"A Rolling Stone."

One of the biting rebukes hurled at Colonel Winston Churchill by his heroic, dare-devil critics in the House of Commons was this startlingly original saying: "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

I hold no brief for Colonel Churchill, or for any other politician, but, in common with all writers who have any respect for themselves and their job, I do hold a watching brief for Humanity. By virtue of that brief, I protest emphatically against the perpetuation of one of the silliest proverbs in the language by careless speakers in the House of Commons. It has taken years to half-scotch that mischievous saying, yet here is a man in a dangerously public position actually quoting it as though there were a particle of truth or sense in it!

Once more, then, and as often as necessary, let it be placed on record that—

- (1) Nobody wants moss.
- (2) Moss is a drug in the market.
- (3) The House of Commons reeks of moss.
- (4) A moss-covered stone is a discarded stone.
- (5) There is no moss in the wake of an advancing army.
- (6) Wherever there is neglect and decay you will find moss.
- (7) There is certainly no moss on Colonel Churchill, but that he could easily have become moss-grown had he remained in "well-paid inactivity."

Which is almost sufficient, for one short day in March, on the subject of moss.



SINGING "LE RÊVE PASSE," IN "MORE": Mlle. DELYSIA,
AT THE AMBASSADORS.

Photograph by Bertram Park.

"Chicot" I have been severely rebuked.

Rebuked. I have been severely rebuked by an Irish reader.

I have been severely rebuked by an Irish reader for mentioning the *Daily News* and Mr. Arnold Bennett.

I apologise. I did not know what I was up to. You see, Mr. Bennett wrote an article in the *Daily News* called "Think the Worst—and Yell for Your Life." I said that the article was out-spoken, and hit off a certain phase of this War pretty neatly.

I was wrong. The article may have been outspoken, and it may have hit off a certain phase of this War pretty neatly, but I had no business to call attention to it. Once damned, always damned. People who object to Mr. Bennett and the

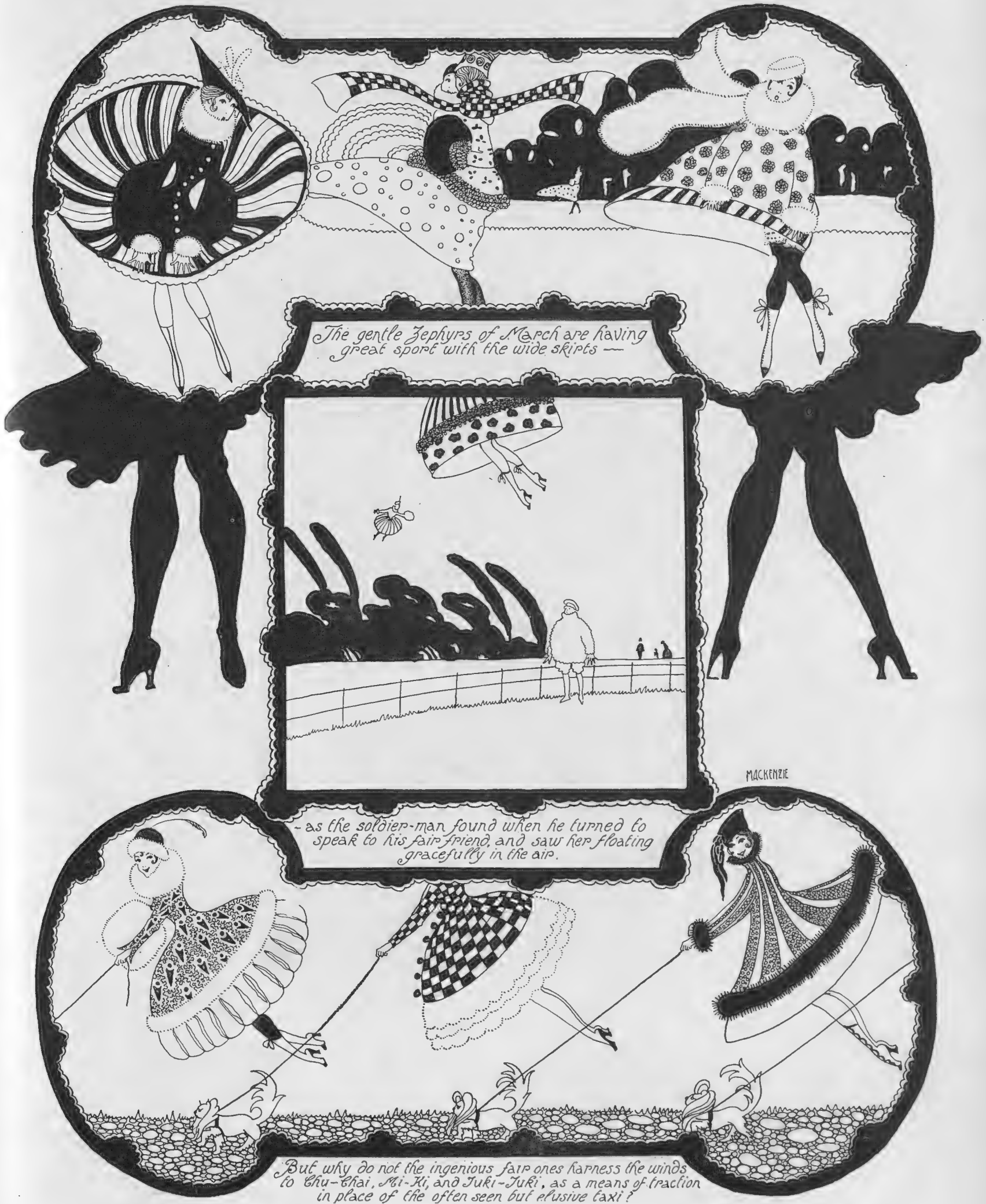
Daily News do not wish to be told that the *Daily News* still exists, or that Mr. Bennett still exists, or that Mr. Bennett has written an article which hits off a certain phase of this War pretty neatly.

So I apologise. The next time I see an article in the *Times*, or the *Morning Post*, or the *Daily Telegraph*, or any other paper that hits off a certain phase of this War pretty neatly, I must not call attention to that article. I must bear in mind that there are almost sure to be people who do not wish to be reminded that these papers exist.

I must be content to hit off certain phases of this War pretty neatly myself.

This is one of them. I don't say that I have hit it off pretty neatly, but I am not utterly crushed. My Irish friend is at liberty to try again. You can have as many shies as you like for sixpence.

MORALS OF MACKENZIE: THE WINDS OF MARCH.





THE CLUBMAN

ECONOMY AND ENTERTAINING: CARLSRUHE CATERING: A BEERLESS BERLIN.

Thrift in Restaurants.

I hear it constantly suggested that people ought to reduce their expenditure on meals in restaurants, that they should not order expensive dishes, that their dinner should be of very few courses, and that they should not drink expensive wines. I rather fancy that the good people who make these suggestions cannot be in the habit of dining at restaurants, for if they did they would know that the British customers of a restaurant are, in the main, carrying out these suggestions. But a very large proportion of the diners at any fashionable restaurant are not British, and it would be unfair to ask our cousins from the United States, our friends from South America, and visitors from Scandinavia and Holland to reduce their expenditure on their food and their drink because we British are saving up our money to put into the next War Loan.

Restaurant Parties.

There is nothing inherently sinful in giving a little dinner-party at a restaurant in war-time. Every big hotel houses a great group of Britons who have no homes of their own, or at all events are not living in their homes, and these good people must eat and drink in the restaurant of the hotel. The heads of the most thrifty households occasionally ask friends and relations to dine quietly, and there is no difference in a young married couple living in an hotel asking their friends to dine with them in the restaurant of the hotel and a similar young couple asking their friends to dine with them in their flat. At the present time most of the big restaurants are helping their clients to live thriftily by offering them a *table d'hôte* dinner at an exceedingly reasonable price, doing this in order to keep together the restaurant connection until the close of the war gives the place a chance of making money once more.

The Three-Course Dinner.

It is quite possible to be too thrifty in the matter of food, for anyone who is working hard—and most of us, men and women, are working a great deal harder now than we did in the days before the war—requires more meat than he or she does when living an idle life. Cardinal Bourne has recognised this, for he has given an indulgence to his co-religionists lightening the rigours of Lenten food. We must not starve ourselves to save money. The suggestion made in Parliament that a three-course dinner is the right dinner for war-time meets with my entire approval. A plate of soup, a small joint, vegetables, and a sweet form a good dinner for prince or peasant in war-time.

German Restaurants.

The Germans are being very thoroughly dragooned in their restaurants, as they are in every other walk of life. The police are compiling lists of

the various restaurants in Berlin and all the other large cities, and the price of all the popular dishes is to be settled by the police according to the class of the restaurant. Thus Fritz and Gretchen will know beforehand exactly what they will have to pay for their roast pork and fried potatoes and war bread according to whether they go to a first, second, or third class restaurant. In Carlsruhe the police have issued an order that not more than one meat dish may be served in any one dinner, and, anticipating an attempt of the diners to get round this decision, a rider is appended to the order saying that two or more kinds of meat are not to be served as one portion.

German Salad-Oil.

The German Association of Restaurant

Keepers met the other day to celebrate their fiftieth year of existence. The Associates ate their dinner, and lamented the cruel fate that prevents them from giving really good dinners to their clients. Some of the speakers made dreadful revelations as to what passes for butter nowadays in Berlin, and also as to what are the ingredients of the favourite substitute for salad-oil. Soluble clay and water are the principal things used in the mixture. Other speakers lamented the comparative scarcity of potatoes, and that the only obtainable brandy was vile stuff. It must be gall and wormwood to the Germans that so many of the things they love to eat and drink come from France, and are therefore unobtainable.

A Beerless Day.

There is a dreadful rumour abroad in Germany that there is to be one beerless day in each week, just as there are now two meatless days. To rob a poor German of his Munich beer is a more dreadful thing to do than, to rob the British working-man of his glass of Double X. When one thinks of the horribly uncomfortable life that every German except the soldier in the fighting line is living one can hardly wonder that the "Hymn of Hate" is still sung in Germany with enthusiasm. The rise in prices

of certain articles in Great Britain has, as yet, scarcely touched our breakfast-tables. The one sign of scarcity I have seen was at a restaurant one night during the past week when, taking my coffee after dinner, I told the waiter to put down on the table the little silver sugar-basin filled with lump sugar. He told me that his orders were to take it from customer to customer, but not to leave it on any table. Gin, I am told, is almost unobtainable; but as the only gin I ever drink is the minute quantity that a bar-tender puts into a cocktail, and as I only drink a cocktail once in a blue moon, I do not feel the deprivation. I suppose each of us has his own little pet grievance with regard to some deprivation of war-time. But the thing is really too trifling to worry about.



A POSTER "THE SKETCH" HAS VIVIFIED: THE ORIGINAL EMPIRE "BILL" WE HAVE "EDITED."

(See Illustration on Page 1 of Supplement.)

NICE, ETON, AND HIS MAJESTY'S: PRINCES AND OTHERS.



INDIAN ROYALTY ON THE RIVIERA: THE MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA'S SON AT NICE.



A FAMOUS LADY TENNIS-PLAYER AT NICE: Mlle. LENGLEN ON THE PROMENADE DES ANGLAIS.



THE KING'S SON AT ETON GETS A DRENCHING: PRINCE HENRY AT THE WATER-JUMP IN THE JUNIOR STEEPLECHASE.



"STAND AND DELIVER!" MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER (AND HIS HORSE) REHEARSING FOR HIS PART OF CLAUDE DUVAL.

Notwithstanding wars and rumours of wars, the Riviera still exercises its attraction. The Maharajah of Kapurthala, whose son is seen at Nice in one of these photographs, succeeded his father, at the age of five, in 1877.—Mlle. Lenglen came to the front as a lawn-tennis player, while still in her 'teens, a year or two ago.—Prince Henry, the King's third son, who is at Eton, ran the other day in the Junior Steeplechase, and finished twelfth in a field of over a hundred competitors. The distance was nearly two miles. At the water-jump, of course, most of the runners get a good wetting, as few, if any, are able

to clear it. As in the case of King Canute, the water was no respecter of royalty, and the Prince evidently enjoyed his partial immersion as much as anyone.—Mr. Arthur Bouchier is to play the famous highwayman, Claude Duval, in a new play, "Stand and Deliver!" by Mr. J. H. McCarthy, to be produced at His Majesty's on March 30. Our photograph was taken while he was putting his horse through its paces for the part, and he donned a mask for the benefit of the camera-man. Our pictures prove that the War is not absolutely all-absorbing even to-day.—[Photographs by Illustrations Bureau and Alfieri.]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

THE Countess of Essex is, or was, at Monte Carlo; and Miss Muriel Wilson has been with her. And Lady Anglesey has been entertaining at Cannes. So does the happy life of the Riviera go on as usual—at any rate, in name. But one must see the array of bath-chairs all along the sunny coast to realise the new meaning of the Riviera's visiting-list. Lady Anglesey's guests are wounded officers; and the majority of Monte Carlo's distinguished visitors have too lately experienced the mixed luck of operating-tables to be violently interested in any other.

The Gallery Crowd.

The art galleries are full as ever, and business is so brisk at the Grosvenor turnstile that the exhibition is being kept open beyond its time. More than two worlds help to maintain the interest in painting. On the one hand, the Queen and Princess Mary and Queen Alexandra are diligent in visiting the modern shows. The other day they were at the Dowdeswell Galleries, and just before that at the Grosvenor, and they faced the work of Augustus John at both! In their train came many visitors who, not being wildly excited about John, might economise their shillings if it were not for the good example. On the other hand, there is the crowd that believes in John for John's sake—the crowd that goes nowhere by force of Royal example. And these Independents, who belong either to the Cunard-cum-Manners-cum-Peto set or

even if "Ll. G." is somewhat startled by the look of the thing, he is also comforted.

Uncharitable— for the Moment.

The Independents are active in music as well. Lord Howard de Walden, Lady Mond, Lady Darnley, and other people are helping to run the concerts of the Independent Music Club. And as if to show that music can stand alone, they send out their prospectus and invitations without the ghost of an appeal to our charitable instincts. We are expected to pay out our half-crowns for tickets, with the promise of no return for our money, save good music. We cannot spy the usual hospital in the background, even though Mr. C. Arthur Pearson is a member of the Committee. Lady Bertha Dawkins, Mrs. Herbert Lousada, and Lady Moreton are likewise interested, and even a military band is involved in this scheme for "carrying on" in music.



AN ENERGETIC WAR-WORKER: LADY DIGBY LAWSON.

Lady Digby Lawson, who is devoting her time and energies to war-work, is the granddaughter of Viscount Barrington, and wife of Captain Sir Digby Lawson, Yorkshire Hussars Yeomanry, who is at the front with his regiment.—Miss Lyttelton, who is nursing at a military hospital in Colchester, is the daughter of the Right Hon. General Sir Neville Gerald Lyttelton, P.C., G.C.B., G.C.V.O., who has a distinguished military record, and is a brother of Viscount Cobham.—[Photographs by Val l'Estrange.]



A BEAUTIFUL NURSE: MISS MARY HERMIONE LYTTELTON.

Lord Desmond's Last Essay.

Three beautiful women—Lady d'Abernon, Lady Cynthia Graham, and Lady Ulrica Baring—mourn the death of Lord Desmond Fitzgerald, their nephew. And they deplore his death all the

more on account of the many new interests the war had awakened in him, and the many enterprises he had in mind for future realisation. One of the unexpected things he found time to accomplish, even during the war, was the writing of a little book on Father



WIDOWED BY THE WAR: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE HOOD.

The husband of Mrs. Maurice Hood was the only son of Viscount Bridport, and was killed in action in the Dardanelles in June last. By his death his little son, Rowland Arthur Herbert Nelson Hood, born in 1911, becomes heir to the title of his grandfather, Lord Bridport. The Hon. Maurice Hood was in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve.

Photograph by Russell and Sons.

The Composite Compliment.

To Mr. Lloyd George's own friends and, I hear, to Mr. Lloyd George himself, the John portrait is interesting because of its marked likeness to several people besides the sitter. It has a good deal of Gladstone in the eyes, and more of Asquith. "We regard it as a composite portrait of several Liberal Prime Ministers," said a Lloyd Georgian intimate the other day—"a composite portrait of Liberal Prime Ministers, past, present, and to come." So that,

more on account of the many new interests the war had awakened in him, and the many enterprises he had in mind for future realisation. One of the unexpected things he found time to accomplish, even during the war, was the writing of a little book on Father Gwynn, Chaplain to the Irish Guards. Lord Desmond was not a Catholic, but he knew and admired the R.C. priest, who was killed by a shell while on duty with the regiment. A quick and clever writer, Lord Desmond hastened to pay his tribute, and managed to do so more fully and charmingly than any of his Catholic mess-fellows. The manuscript, which came into the hands of one of his aunts, has lately been printed, and will probably be published. In regard to his own death, one's regrets are only aggravated by the feeling that the fatal accident might so easily have been avoided. A war tragedy indeed!



AN ORGANISER OF THE IRISH CONCERT AT THE ALBERT HALL: THE COUNTESS OF LIMERICK.

Lady Limerick, who is always ready to lend her help in the furtherance of a good cause, acted in conjunction with Lady Randolph Churchill and Lady Maud Warrender in organising the Irish Concert at the Albert Hall on Saturday last. Lady Limerick, who was the organiser of the Free Buffets for Soldiers, is the daughter of Mr. Joseph Burke Irwin, formerly Resident Magistrate, of St. Helen's House, Drogheda.—[Photograph by Vandyk.]

THE FLY.



HE OF THE CYCLE: 'Yus; I'm fed up with this job. I tell yer straight, I'd go in fer munitions ter-morrow if they'd let yer smoke.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.

THE INELIGIBLE.



"Don't take any notice of him, my dear. His mother was nothing but a second-hand incubator."

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

BEANO AND WARD-MAID: MR. GROSSMITH'S DAUGHTER.



1. WITH THE BEANOS—A CONCERT-PARTY SHE ORIGINATED FOR GIVING ENTERTAINMENTS TO WOUNDED MISS ENA GROSSMITH. 2. AS A MILITANT BEANO: MISS ENA GROSSMITH, DAUGHTER OF MR. GEORGE GROSSMITH, THE FAMOUS GAIETY ACTOR.

3. AS A WARD-MAID AT A GORING-ON-THAMES HOSPITAL MISS ENA GROSSMITH.

Miss Ena Grossmith, daughter of Mr. George Grossmith, famous as Gaiety actor and for various other theatrical enterprises (and a nice taste in clothes!), is acting as a ward-maid at a hospital at Goring-on-Thames, and is to be transferred to a hospital

at Queen's Gate. She has another war-activity, in that she is one of "The Beanos"—a troupe of eight girls, all amateurs, which she originated. "The Beanos" appear at the various hospitals, in and out of town.

Photographs Nos. 1 and 2 by Alfieri. No. 3, by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



Trade Mark.

Dunlop: Here is an illustration, General, of my point about steel non-skids for ambulances and staff cars. How would rubber barbed wire work?

The General: Wouldn't hold anything!

Dunlop: Exactly; and a cover with rubber barbs, so to speak, won't hold your car on grease. Rubber doesn't bite through to solid ground; steel does. On the other hand, rubber will hold on a surface where steel would slip.

The General: So you recommend?

Dunlop: Steel-studded covers on the near-back and off-front wheels and grooved rubber covers on the other two. It is the best all-round arrangement for varying road surfaces and weather conditions.

THE DUNLOP RUBBER CO., LTD.,
FOUNDERS OF THE PNEUMATIC TYRE INDUSTRY

Aston Cross, Birmingham; 14, Regent Street, London, S.W.

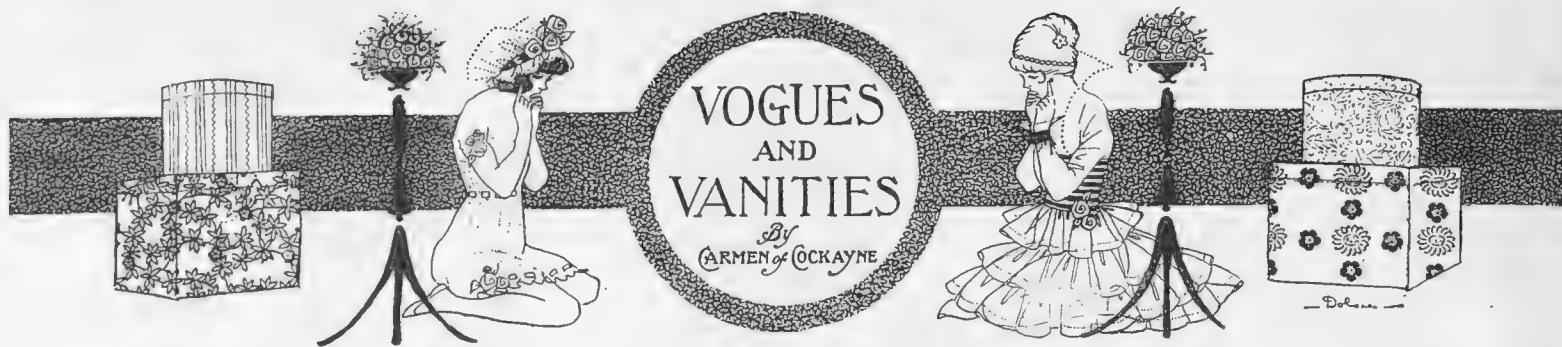
Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll.

HANG IT!



THE ABSENT-MINDED PROFESSOR (unable to get at his fare): All right, conductor. Just hang on to this strap a minute for me, will you?

DRAWN BY WILL OWEN.



Fur-lined slippers for the cold,
And buckles of the purest gold.

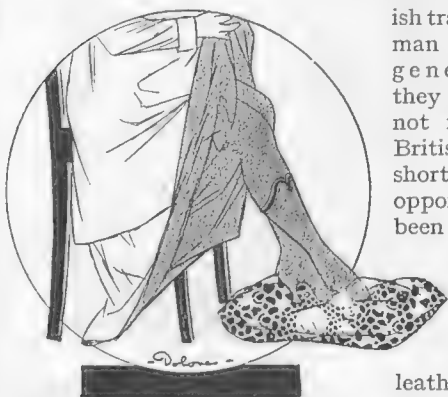
On the Female Understanding.

Just now it is only possible to attain the ideal if you are, sartorially speaking, armed *de pied en cap*, with especial emphasis on the *pied*. Not that shoes and stockings have ever been negligible matters; but in the days when feet were, more or less, compelled by force of fashion to live in seclusion a pedal solecism was a comparatively trifling matter.

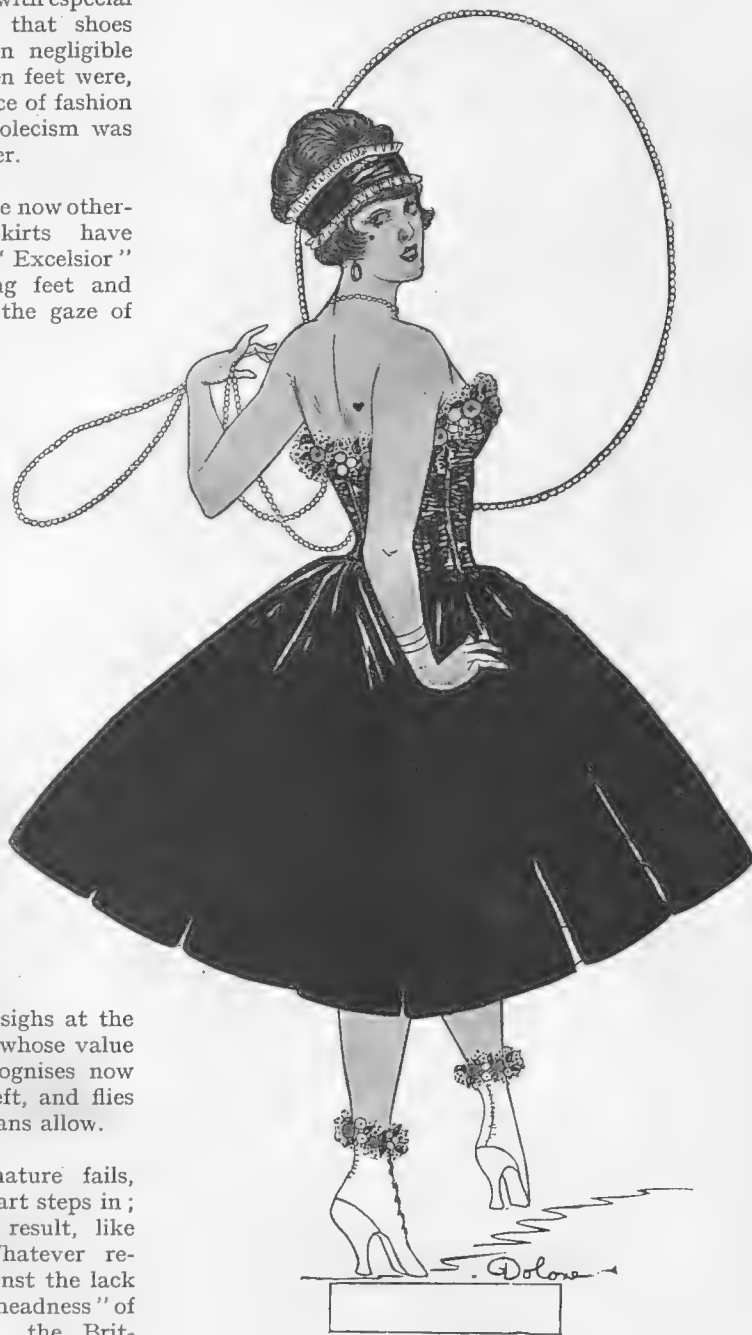
The Unfettered Ankle.

Things are now otherwise. Skirts have adopted "Excelsior" as their family motto, leaving feet and ankles ruthlessly exposed to the gaze of a censorious world. Between the hem and the understanding a great gulf is fixed which only the boot, the stocking, or the gaiter can bridge. But that is a state of things which only the woman possessed of a small and perfectly modelled foot can endure with equanimity. It is true that someone once said that the human foot was the most beautiful thing in the world, and compared its structure in detail with the component parts of a bridge. But the number of women is very small who could derive satisfaction from the contemplation of their feet, especially if they happened to be large, as architecturally beautiful creations. Æsthetic balm is no good at all to the woman compelled to face publicity with a pair of feet cast by nature in a generous mould. She merely sighs at the recollection of the long skirt, whose value as an ally she only fully recognises now that there is so little of it left, and flies to the best bootmaker her means allow.

Apt Adaptation's Artful Aid. Where nature fails, leathery art steps in; and the result, like creation, is very good. Whatever reproaches may be levelled against the lack of initiative and general "go-aheadness" of the British tradesman in general, they cannot in justice be applied to the British bootmaker, to whom the short-skirt fashion has given an opportunity of which he has not been slow to avail himself. His window is like a flower-bed wherein leathery blossoms of all colours, shapes, and sizes flourish exceedingly. Workmanlike calfskin and patent-leather, box-calf, suède, and antelope are seen side by side with the exotic boot that is made of velvet or satin bordered with flowers, the



Here boots, stockings, and the lining of the skirt all tell the same tale.



Ribbons replace laces in these fruit-and-flower-garlanded boots of white satin.

richly decorated "mule," and the gay slipper endowed with a heel that beats the "Louis" to a "frazzle."

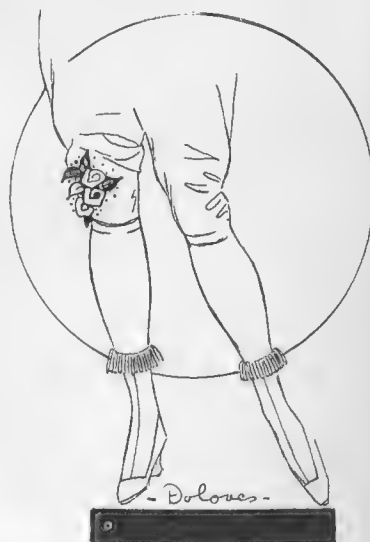
The Dangers of Eccentricity.

But the woman who aims at presenting a well-dressed, as opposed to a merely fashionable or eccentric, appearance to the world rejects without hesitation anything in the nature of bizarre footwear. Only by paying due regard to the adornment of her extremities can she arrive at that satisfaction which comes from a scheme of dress carefully considered and carried out in every detail; and though boots that are half-silk, half-leather, boots whose surface is adorned with flights of humming-birds, hectic walking-shoes, and chromatic slippers may present an appearance not wholly displeasing behind the footlights, they make no appeal to the taste of the fastidious woman. Feet, especially those that have a tendency towards length, are like virtue—"best plain set"; and, eccentricities apart, the artist in shoe-leather has provided a variety of modes from which women may make a choice, in spite of the fact that the war has made great demands on the leather trade. Sobriety of tone is the main feature of boots and shoes intended for outdoor wear, and, where two-colour schemes are adopted, white and grey antelope and natural and tanned crocodile are usually allied with black patent-leather or glacé kid. The best houses too, now as always, set their faces against the vamp that is exaggeratedly short and the toe that is aggressively stumpy. There are, of course, plenty of boots that suggest errant sponge-bags, and designs that disregard altogether the "neat but not gaudy" principle; but they are distortions of fashion rather than the real thing, and as such are rejected by the discriminating.

The Garlanded Foot.

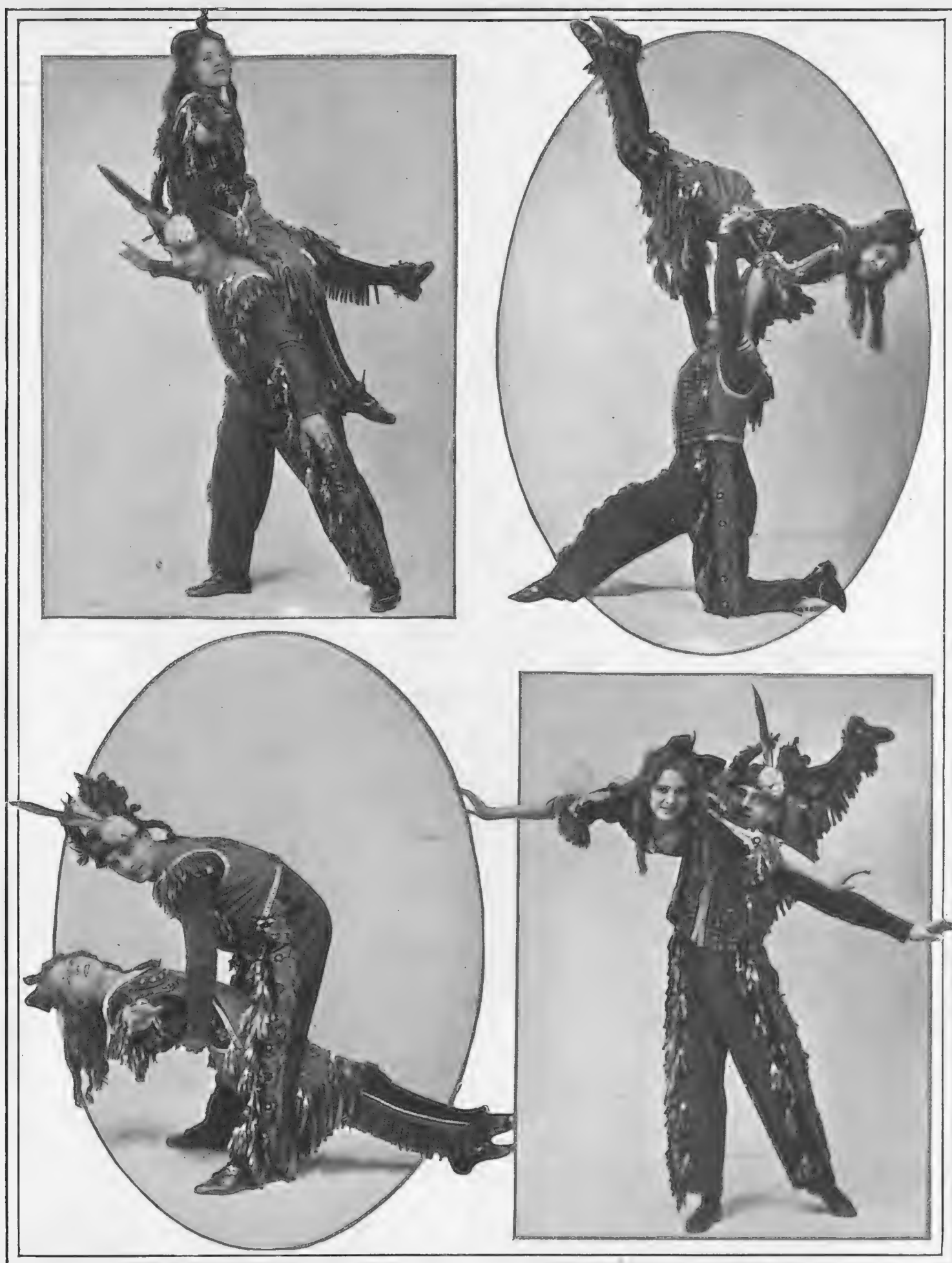
Shoes intended for evening wear, however, are subject to no such restraint. If the exigencies of the mode prevent you from wearing bells on your toes, you may at least, as Dolores shows, wear flowers round your ankles, or above them, and case your feet in gold or silver velvet, or gaily tinted leather decked

with buckles the most beautiful the jeweller's art can devise. Then there are stockings. First and foremost in order of merit come the stockings of black silk—"shells" whose effect on man is as sure and deadly as those eighteen-pounders which brother Boche has learned to dread. Or again, there are stockings of silk ornamented with complicated designs of lace, or simple silk clocks, or spots, or rings, or checks, according to the dictates of your fancy and the limitations of your hosier's stock-in-trade.



The corsage-bouquet we know, but the knee-pory is new. The silk fringe on the boots matches the skirt.

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A MUSCULAR BRAVE AND A BRAVE SQUAW: MR. HARRY SINGER AND MISS DOLLY MEWSE
IN THEIR REDSKIN DANCE IN "TO-NIGHT'S THE NIGHT!"

A pleasant interlude recently added to the attractions of "To-night's the Night!" at the Gaiety, is that which is described tersely on the programme as—"Dance in Act II., Scene I., by Dolly Mewse and Harry Singer." The first scene in the second act, we may mention, is laid in the Foyer of the Boxes at the Royal Opera House.

We do not remember ourselves having come across any Redskins while wandering out of our box at the opera between the acts, but one never knows what is in store. It will be something to look forward to, and if it proves to be anything like this, we may, not improbably, desert the opera for the side-show.

Photographs by Elliott and Fry.



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

Phillip in Particular. VI.—Her Name is Ines.

By W. DOUGLAS NEWTON.

PHILLIP was taking seven days of the best that "blighty" could give. His uniform was abashing Piccadilly, and sending P.M. men in droves round side-streets to consult their little books of rules on the styles of caps, ties, and puttees. Tailors were gazing at him with glances of awe. Tempy. Brass Hats almost saluted him. All the Flappers within a radius of 440 metres were suffering from permanent eyes-right of the retinas. Even the weather forgot itself and was kind and rosy.

Phillip was having no end of a good time. He was simply full up with revues, hero-teas, visits to auriferous aunts, periscope presentations, and meetings—which-mamma-was-to-know-nothing-about in all the West Central Palace Hotels. He was saying with Robert Browning—but perhaps it was Robert Hale—"Oh to be in England now the Flapper's here." He recognised the military merit of the Flapper. He admired it (oh, many of it) and enjoyed it. He knew what the Flapper was doing for the country. Without the Flapper the Junior Officer *cadres* would never be what they now are. If it had not been for the Flappers' whole-hearted stimulus and support of REALLY LONELY OFFICERS—well, where would the Nation be?

I bring up this train of thought because it was just about here that Phillip (I don't know whether you have forgotten that it is with two "l's" and said slow)—that Phillip met the Lonely Subaltern.

The Lonely Subaltern was dodging about rather snip-er-ishly. He was in and out of doors, peeping round corners, and taking cover with craft behind show-cases of *Delysia* in various attitudes of photograph. Phillip, gazing, thought what an honour he was to the training of the trenches. Then a subtle note about the cut of the breeches caught his unfaltering eye. He went up and hit the Lonely Subaltern in the small of the back.

"Wake up, Snodgers!" (Snodgers was the name the Lonely Subaltern was known by to old Cox, and his cousins who sent hampers). "Wake up, Snodgers—reliefs coming. You're going back to billets now. Leave the bomb-strafters alone."

The Lonely Subaltern turned to him a face magenta with the flush of agony. He saw Phillip and gasped. The bright spark of hope appeared to dawn in his demented eye.

"Phillip the help of the helpless!" he gulped. "Good Lor', I'm glad it's you!"

"I'm always popular," admitted Phillip. "It's because of the

way father brought me up. 'Be kind to people with weak intellects,' he used to say; 'be gentle with——'"

"Dear old Phillip," said the Lonely Subaltern, recovering *nous*. "Talks like a fish. But cut it out. . . . You see, I'm in a hole. Oh, deep and devilish hole."

Phillip observed something of the fact. A percentage of the joy of life had come back to Snodgers' comely face, but there was deep worry, also a hunted look lurking beneath. Snodgers, it seemed, had rammed his head against something with bricks in it.

"Snod., old thing," commented Phillip, "people with your type of moustache should not essay the adventurous life. Have you been daring a Major to say 'boo'?"

The Lonely Subaltern caught Phillip's arm. With intensive caution he pushed Phillip into a wide angle of vision.

"Under the Arcade arch. Look . . . daffodils in her dress. . . . look. My Hat . . . her name's Ines."

Phillip looked. "Somehow," he said; "I would have guessed it wasn't Sappho."

A tall lady stood under the Arcade arch. A grim lady. She was of the bombazine guild of wear. Her face was terribly determined. It was not merely that it had all the domestic attributes of really good granite, but it had an air of plain but determined ferocity, also. The sort of face to make Empires and even Hippodromes tremble. Truly a rigid, flinty, intimidating lady.

Snodgers glanced over Phillip's shoulder at her, and his agony returned.

"Ines," he muttered. "That's her name. A Lonely Subaltern girl. Daffodils in her belt—Arcade Arch—1.30. Why should I suffer? Why?"

Phillip turned upon him. He meant to ask a question. He did not. He was looking at Snodgers' button-hole. There was a flower in the Lonely Subaltern's button-hole. A daffodil.

"Yes," gulped Snodgers trying to be brave; "you guess in one. We are—we should meet at 1.30. Fixed up by letter, y'know. Recognise each other by our daffys."

It was then 1.29.

"Happy days," said Phillip, shaking his limp hand. "Hope she proposes to you. What's the good of Leap Year if it's not for young love?"

The Lonely Subaltern lost all the use of his repartee. He did not fence with, he clung to Phillip.

[Continued overleaf.]



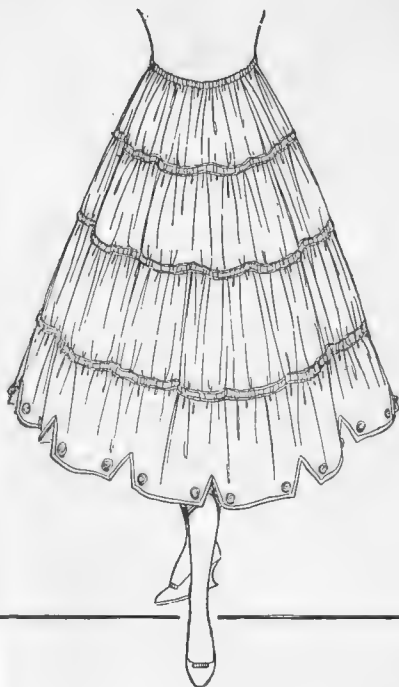
AT A MODERN PUPPET-SHOW: MR. GAIR WILKINSON AND HIS ASSISTANT AT WORK BEHIND THE SCENES. The first presentation of the Gair Wilkinson puppet-show took place some few days ago at the Margaret Morris Theatre, in King's Road, Chelsea, and aroused very considerable interest. Here is a peep behind the scenes. Mr. Gair Wilkinson is on the left.

Photograph by L.N.A.

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"But it's imposs," he wailed. Look at—look at Ines. It's quite imposs. Yet what the blazes am I to do? What the blazes?"

Phillip looked at Ines. Snodgers was quite correct.

"I would forget the painful incident," he advised. "I would go off and have lunch with the nicest cousin I could find—even if it were someone else's cousin."

"I don't know—I don't really know, pon me honour. She'd ferret me out. Write to the W.O. or something. Don't she look that sort? She'd find me."

"She don't know you, does she?" demanded Phillip—the ingenuousness of Subalterns seemed beyond scientific appreciation.

"Oh, Lor, no. Never seen me. The Lonely Officer and the Kindly Correspondent trick, you know. Our letters have crossed, but not our photos. (I wish to Billy I had thought of photos.). And those letters, you know—well, you know how worked up a feller can be over there; and those letters——"

"Ah!" muttered Phillip. "I know, those letters. I can see a W.O. pundit conning the scented——"

"Don't," perspired the Lonely Subaltern. "Don't say that. Think of something with a bright light in it. And then, y'know—y'know, I don't want her to be waiting there, in—in the air, so to speak. I don't want her to feel, well—bad about it. You see, I insisted on the meeting. Clinched it in France just at point of sailing. She demurred a little; so didn't give her chance to say 'No.' So she's waiting for me. She might go on waiting for hours—hours. I'd feel beastly about that."

"She'll wait for a week," said Phillip without passion. "She has the Penelope look." He turned to Snodgers kindly. The hint of decency had made him compassionate. "But your job's an easy one, old thing. Go over to her. Exhibit an afflicted demeanour. Tell her you're dead."

"What!" gasped Snodgers.

"Beautiful plan!" said Phillip ecstatically. "I always think of beautiful plans. You just go and say you are dead. Be sad about it; say she will be sorry to hear that our vile young friend Snodgers' vile young body has been buried in France. That it is your duty as Snodgers' pal—Oh, lovely plan!"

The Lonely Subaltern gasped.

"I daren't do it. I just couldn't face it out. Think of something better." Light beamed in him. "But no, nothing could be better. You do it. You be our young friend Snodgers' pal."

Phillip smiled sweetly.

"You are the ass, Snodgers—not me. I'm not meeting Ines—you are. The preacher is only to preach, not practise; in fact, Snodgers, do your own dirty work."

But the Lonely Subaltern pleaded. He did it vigorously and urgently. He bribed. A topping lunch; the finest kind of lunch at the goldiest place, would be the repayment. Phillip was tempted. True, his days were full of good things, but the lunch of to-day was a vacancy. He might fill it . . . Snodgers became lyric in his fervour.

"Well, Snodgers, for the sake of your youth, your innocent parents, and the country of England, at large—as well as that lunch—I will come to your aid."

He took the daffodil from Snodgers' lapel, and sported it in his own. Then, bracing himself, he stepped across to the Arcade.

Snodgers, from cover, watched his every movement.

Phillip approached Ines. Her aspect became more determined and grim as he advanced. The rugged austerity of her chilled his heart. His mind faltered in the face of her vinegary intimidation. Before her he halted. Her cold eyes turned from the crowd, and rested sleetily upon him. Her frigidity made him—even Phillip—stumble.

"I'm sorry," he said jerkily. "Really awfully put out. . . . Bad news, you know. . . . Hope you will bear up like a—like a man—I mean, like a heroine. He's dead."

Ines seemed to shoot up two feet. Her aspect became snow-capped. "Young man!" she snapped. "Young man!"

"Oh, but really," he urged confusedly. "Really. Fact. Our little Wilfred is no more. A *fizz-bang* interrupted his tiffin. The end was comparatively painless. But his last thoughts were for you. You will be glad of that. He said to me, 'Rupert, old sport——'"

"Old sport!" rapped Ines. "Old sport. . . . Are you mad, young man? Are you drunk? Has your natural, militarist depravity deprived you of your reason? Old Sport—to me—an outrage, Sir!"

This, thought Phillip, was rather all wrong. What had that ass Snodgers been doing?

"But surely, Miss Ines, our Wilfred was to meet you here?"

"Meet me—here? Me! I will call a constable, Sir. I will call a large constable. And how dare you call me Ines? I don't know you. I don't know what you want. And my name is Phlutt."

"It might be Ines, too," said Phillip feebly. "Stranger things have happened. And you were to meet Wilfred, you know."

The grim lady was conscious that she was dealing with a low intelligence. She was frigid, but she became more elucidatory.

"You are either rude or under a misapprehension, young officer. Let me warn you who and what I am. I am a Conscientious Protector, Sir. I conscientiously protect all this side of the street. I warn people, Sir. I warn young people, particularly young female people. I warn them against the Clutch of the Gilded Life. I warn them against Afternoon Teas in Khaki. I warn them against Looking upon Gay Dinners when they are five shillings *table d'hôte*. I warn them against little hats and little skirts. I warn them against everything. I do my duty. I warn them against you. That is what I am, young man. That is who you have, in your heedlessness, accosted. Perhaps it was meant, Sir. I implore you to think it was meant. It is a chance for you to retrieve your life. Read this. Retrieve your past."

She thrust a pamphlet into his hand. She was gone. Phillip looked at the pamphlet. It was a warning to girls to *Beware*. Its title was "Watch Your Step." Phillip had never noticed the connection between revues and revivals before.

Phillip stood with the tract in his hand and cursed Snodgers. He was about to return and lacerate the Lonely Subaltern with his tongue when he saw something which made his heart jump.

Standing in one of the doors a little way down the Arcade was one of the shyest and most beautiful of her sex.

Quite a delicate and delightful little lady she was. She had soft furs, and a hat that enraptured, and a bright face snuggling amid the furs (and hat), and the skin of her face was like peaches, and the eyes were bright and jolly and tender. Her figure was slim and rich, dainty, and in the latest fashion. She was altogether what every Junior Officer had reason to expect his junior womanhood to be—that is, happy, full of good fun, pretty as a bud, and bewitching as a fairy. Oh, the nicest kind of niceness, Phillip thought. And he gazed at her. And suddenly he became not at all sorry that Snodgers had intervened in his life—that Snodgers had turned him into a chivalrous knight.

For he saw that the girl was looking straight at him with her bright, shy eyes. And that her superb skin was glowing more superbly with the bright colours of a blush. And he saw, more than he saw anything else, that she had daffodils—daffodils at the waist.

He smiled his serenest, went forward in his neatest manner to—

to meet Ines in the Arcade at—well, it was a little after 1.30 now.

"Yes," he was saying to her as they walked away, "yes, it is a poisonous shame about old Wilfred. But, you see, things do hit us fellers like that. No, it's not really bad. Just a fleeting indisposition, so to speak. But it will keep him out of the public eye for some time. *Quite*, for some time. Yes, they are very kind to them in hospital, even over there. Still, the old thing was thoughtful, even on his sick-bed. 'Phillip,' he said, 'Phillip, old sport, you must go along and put me right with Miss Ines. I haven't really the time or the chance to let her know. It's up to you. And I can't really let her down. Miss Ines will understand. I'm certain she'll understand. She's shown herself so sporting in her letters.'"

"Of course I understand," said Miss Ines softly. "Poor Mr. Wilfred. It was very sweet of you to come."

Phillip, from the corner of his eye, had a vision of "poor Wilfred" dancing like a lost dervish at his corner. Horror and chagrin and murder seemed to be outlined in "poor Wilfred's" action. Phillip, carefully and negligently (so that Ines should not see), waved him away. He had lost all claim to the sweets of victory.

"Let's go to lunch," said Phillip to Miss Ines. "Please do be as kind as that—for the sake of Wilfred. And it will be rather jolly, because I've just won a lunch—a bet, y'know."

So they went off to lunch—to "poor Wilfred's" lunch.

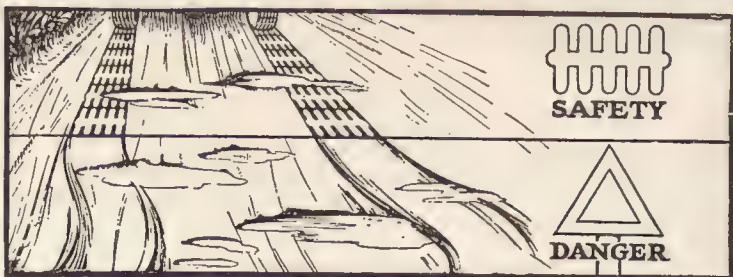
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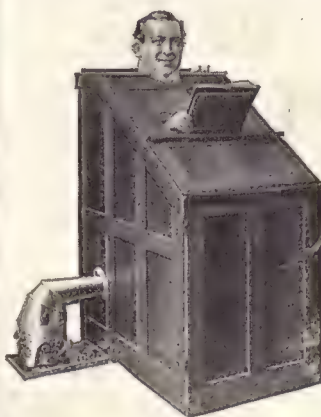
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WOMAN'S WAYS

Are We Drab-Coloured?

It is obvious to any observant person that the answer to this question is of the same nature as that to the more popular phrase: "Are we down-hearted?" Emphatically we are not. The Empire has decided to take this war smiling. It is amazing what credit and cash will do to keeping up the spirits of a belligerent. This animation is manifested in all sorts of ways. In the theatre nothing tragic is permissible, and all allusions to the war are considered bad form. At modish restaurants chatter, music, and laughter accompany the procession of dishes and wines. The ladies have trebled the width of their skirts, and have taken to pale golden hair. Officers, back from the trenches, jump into elaborate evening dress of a night, or walk the town exhibiting beautiful waistcoats and cravats. There is everywhere an outburst of primal hues, of stimulating colours. Ostentatious mourning is not worn, and even young widows trot about in perky hats. Then the interiors of our houses are less mercilessly drab-coloured than they were before the war. Wine-purples and Mediterranean-blues abound, and that most alluring of all colours, the exquisite Chinese-yellow, is now eagerly demanded for curtains and chairs. We are as keen about Chinese lacquer as any fine lady of the later eighteenth century, and a screen from far Cathay is more precious than rubies. In short, out in the world and at our own firesides we are determined to be as cheerful—indeed, more—as if no guns were thundering over there. And you have only to look at the Money Market intelligence to know the reason for our optimism.

Pretty Maids All of a Row.

I have no patience with the super-economists who keep telling the young generation that they should buy nothing new, wear their old clothes, and go about frumps. Nature does not work in this way in spring-time. War or no war, she will produce a riot of pink and yellow in a few weeks' time, and complete new clothing in tender green for all her woods and meadows, even for the dingy London parks. It is clear, in the interests of the race, that "the girls" should wreath themselves with roses and drape themselves in wine-colour. Englishmen nowadays have a high standard of beauty and elegance; civilised man votes for the hyper-feminisation of his mate. He likes to see her womanhood accentuated. And woman, in her prudence, has decided that, if she has not personal beauty to offer him, she will at least make a display of beautiful clothes. The young creatures who make the bravest show are those to whom this display is vital: the cosmopolitan flapper; the American, who leaves no possible weapon in her armoury unsharpened; and, in England, the aristocrat and her plutocratic imitators. To represent the highest type of feminine elegance, the perfection of "grooming" has always been one of the ideals of the British aristocracy, for the perpetuation of its own caste. With that sacred duty no consideration has been allowed to interfere. If her education was skimmed and her dowry uncertain, the youthful daughter of a hundred Earls had always a first-class lady's maid. Hence the exquisite young women we see in ancient "books of beauty," and whose descendants now wear nurses' uniforms in the daytime, and Paris frocks and professionally dressed heads at night. We should never encourage these torch-bearers, these future mothers of the new generation, to throw away their birthright of beauty, elegance, and charm.

ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES

THE play by Rudolf Besier and Mrs. Spottiswoode at the Court seems likely to enjoy much popularity. Undoubtedly the first act is ingenious and amusing, though it does contain a gross caricature of an Englishman, the heroine's father, who behaves incredibly. Certainly, even if the second and third acts are rather long, they work up effectively to a strong situation; but the fourth and last are very weak, and the dénouement is based upon a psychological absurdity. Really the heroine—who almost makes up her mind to go back to a German home that she loathes, to the husband she dislikes, because England, before the invasion of Belgium, hesitates to join in the war—is not a flesh-and-blood creature, but a mere convenience of a playwright. And there are other matters for criticism, perhaps, for the play produces quite different impressions on different classes of people. Some find in the English girl who married the handsome young Prussian officer a case of Beauty and the Beast; others, a little more thoughtful it may be, doubt whether the British maiden comes very well out of the contrast with the Teutons. The drama is thrilling at times. Miss Rosalie Toller was very well chosen for the part. She has just the fastidious, slightly supercilious

note, the thoroughly English style, and when it came to the intense moments, exhibited a power unexpected by some of us. Miss Marianne Caldwell gave a quite pathetic picture of the one really amiable German; and Miss Holmes-Gore acted cleverly as a young girl who soon found marriage a delusion. The Colonel's wife, almost the villain of the piece, was, nevertheless, fundamentally a wise woman with a valuable sense of duty, represented ably by Miss Dora Gregory. The difficult character of the young Prussian husband was acted with much skill by Mr. Malcolm Cherry, who showed quite finely the amazing vanity and also the intense passion of the man, and nicely avoided exaggeration.

In the course of time our dictionaries will embrace the word *Barrie*, "meaning thereby," as lawyers say, a whimsical idea, partly comic, partly pathetic, in unstable proportions varying with the mood of the spectator or auditor. "A Kiss for Cinderella" is full of

"Barries"—a few indifferent, like those in "Rosy Rapture," but mostly delightful. What's it all about? Who knows? Who cares? Let us say about Cinderella plus Wendy plus Little Mary plus Hilda Trevelyan. We have the famous story, much transmogrified, and even the ball. Not a real ball, but a dream ball, which is much jollier and full of quaint, laughable ideas. And even the glass slippers are presented at the end by the Prince Charming—who is a policeman—instead of an engagement-ring! Sir James picks and chooses, takes what he wants of the immortal story, leaves the rest, and adds what pleases him—and us. Sometimes, perhaps, we were rather puzzled than pleased; still, these times were comparatively rare. As a rule, it was laughter; but laughter generally with a very thin partition between it and the tears department. Most of the ball, with the terrible Censor and Lord Times and the street lamp-posts and examination of the débutantes, caused vast amusement. Moreover, the author managed his hospital scenes and wounded Tommy and bedside of the heroine most charmingly, and with unflinching touch. Once again Miss Hilda Trevelyan embodied a Barrie heroine perfectly and delighted everyone by her finely imaginative work. Mr. du Maurier is perfect as her stolid policeman lover. And I must name Mr. O. B. Clarence, Miss Henrietta Watson, and Mr. A. E. George.



THE GIRL WHO MARRIED A GERMAN: MISS ROSALIE TOLLER AS MARGARET TINWORTH AND MR. MALCOLM CHERRY AS LIEUTENANT KURT HARTLING IN "KULTUR AT HOME," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Miss Rosalie Toller plays charmingly as an English girl who, on a visit to a small garrison town in Germany, was foolish enough to marry a Prussian Lieutenant, and repented to the point of running away. Mr. Malcolm Cherry has the unenviable task of impersonating the Prussian officer, which he does conscientiously and without any unfair exaggeration.—[Photograph by Foulsham and Danfield, Ltd.]

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THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

Frumptish Fashions

Will be left to the Fraus and Fräuleins who love them. We may subscribe to the paragraph in "Don'ts" which says we are not to be ashamed of wearing old clothes in warti-me. Certainly we shall not all do so—if we did, our dressmakers could not buy Exchequer bonds. Those of us who do will have a good wrestle with those old clothes to make them look up to date. The Society which preaches us these week-day sermons through the Press to tell us just where they think we ought to pare our cheese must not send British women a decade or two back in dress. We had been holding our own as smart dressers—shown even a little ambition to lead; and a set-back might land us in bad German dowdiness from which we might never recover, and a fine bit of trade would be lost to us and our Allies the French. We have quite good habits of smart dressing; it would be a pity indeed if we contracted habits of frumpishness.

Old Erin's Native Shamrock.

Why did Lady McDonnell not insist on Irish dress for the sellers on Irish Flag Day? It offers a charming variety, from a Connemara Claddagh cloak to a Kerry girl's brogues and short skirt and shawl, from a snowy, much-goffered cap to a hood, from an Irish frieze suit to a macintosh and umbrella—all are indigenous to the soil where grows "the chosen leaf of bard and chief." Shure Lady Limerick would have looked the sweetest colleen in a green skirt, white apron, and brown shawl, with grey knit stockings and brogues; Lady Drogheda, albeit she is only Irish by marriage, would have graced a Claddagh cloak and hood. Lady McDonnell herself would have presented a real picture with a snowy cap round her beautiful silvered hair (we would spare her the dhudeen—i.e., pipe—that the capped Irishwoman so often indulges in), a short skirt, white apron, and grey shawl. The frieze suit would look well on lots of smart young Irishwomen. The macintosh and umbrella—well, it requires a stroke of genius to come out of the equalising effect of that garb; but then, Ireland is the country of geniuses! The Irish badge-sellers looked all right, of course, but not eminently Irish.

Heir-Presumptive, But—!

The Duke of Leinster is young, remarkably handsome, charming in manner, and, although far from strong, still an outdoor man and a lover of sport. He will be thirty next March. He is the Premier Duke, Marquess and Earl in the Peerage of Ireland, and he had a handsome father and a peerless mother. His Grace was very nearly burned to death when a lad staying at Duncombe Park with his grandfather and guardian, the late Earl of Feversham. He was saved by an old retainer, and the incident recalled the tale of the saving from death by fire of a remote ancestor, the first Earl of Kildare, by an ape, which has since formed the crest of the FitzGerald

family. The Duke of Leinster, because he is not strong, goes little into Society; but it is more than likely that he will marry, and give Ireland a premier Duchess. The death of his brother, Major Lord Desmond FitzGerald, was a great blow to him. Lady d'Abernon, his beautiful aunt, is very much attached to him, for his mother and she were most devoted sisters.

Pond's at the Top of the Poll.

If truth is at the bottom of a well, Pond's Extract is at the top of the poll of universal favour. It has had its seventieth birthday, and each year its value has been more widely recognised. It heals cuts, soothes bruises, reduces inflammation, stops bleeding, cools and heals burns, and relieves all manner of aches and pains. Unlike some remedies, it is harmless in use, and so Pond's Extract is a household word. Confidence so won by it is extended to Pond's cold cream—the finest and purest possible to obtain. Pond's tooth-paste, which is antiseptic, and has exceptional cleansing and refreshing qualities; Pond's vanishing cream, which keeps the skin soft and smooth and beautiful under all conditions—the reputation of Pond's Extract equally applies to these preparations, which are of exceptional purity, quality, and efficiency; they can be obtained at any good chemist's or stores, or, if unobtainable locally, from Pond's Extract Company, 71, Southamp-ton Row, W.C.

Not Now.

Enver Pasha was a great favourite here about two years ago when he made a visit, with the honours of the Balkan War thick upon him. He is a handsome little man, and more than a bit of a dandy. He dressed in the smartest English clothes he could buy, and was delighted with English ways. They do not appeal to him now; and for Russian ways he has no use whatever! He married, by contract, in 1911, Princess Nadjé, daughter of the late Prince Suleyman Effendi, who died in 1909. This Princess was born in 1898, so was thirteen when she married;

there was a re-marriage, later, in 1914, when she had entered her seventeenth year. She is not a daughter of the Sultan, but of one of the Imperial Princes. Her brother, Abdul Halim Effendi, is fifteenth in succession to the Throne.

The stage is one of those things which, as Count Smorltork said of the word "politics," "surprises in himself" so many facts, figures, and fancies, that all playgoers and those interested in stage matters should secure a copy of that comprehensive volume, "The Stage Year-Book" (Carson and Comerford, The Stage Office; 1s. net), for 1916. In addition to the usual mass of reliable information upon many phases of theatrical life, productions, and so on, and a theatrical "Roll of Honour," there are interesting articles, by H. M. Walbrook and John Raphael, on the English and Paris stages, and other authoritative contributions, a number of capital illustrations, and a peep behind the scenes—afforded by an illustrated description of the working of a modern stage. The Editor of the volume, which is sure of an appreciative "audience," is Mr. L. Carson.



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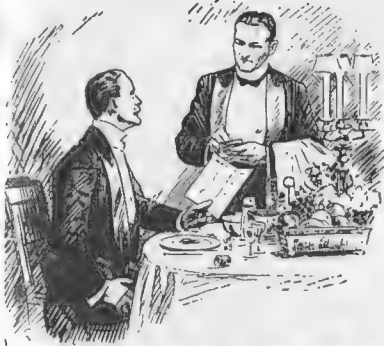
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING

HUMOURS OF THE MOTOR-CAR: "PLEASURE" MOTORING: MOTORS AND RACING.

"Pigs in Clover." The motor-car has been put to strange uses at times. I remember, years ago, when it was first utilised for the purposes of a hearse, and the originator of the idea wrote to the manufacturer to say that all the people in the district were "dying to ride in it." This is not a *ben trovato* story; I can vouch for its truth, as I saw the letter myself. Nowadays the motor-hearse is in no way abnormal; one may see a Rolls-Royce, with glass sides, outside a Hampstead undertaker's any day; and another passed me on the road only this week. But in the way of novel purposes the present stress of circumstance due to the war, and particularly the shortage of labour, have produced a variety of curiosities, and not the least amusing of these is the one which was reported the other day at a meeting of the General Committee of the Royal Automobile Club. He lives seven miles from a town, and three-and-a-half from the nearest roadside station. For several months past he has had to convey all the requirements of his house and farm by road from the town, including maize, wheat, cake for cattle, pig-meal, artificial manures, coke, and coal, and finally had to bring home two live pigs from the station. When it was mentioned that the car itself was a landaulette, the humours of the situation may be appreciated to the full. Plaintively he inquired whether this sort of thing came under the head of "joy riding."

More About the Manifesto.

The truth is out at last about

the notorious manifesto of the War Savings Committee on the subject of pleasure motoring. Naturally enough, the public assumed that the Committee had solemnly deliberated on the whole question, and had taken evidence upon which to base its conclusions; but it now appears that the Chairman came down one morning with the document, drafted by himself, in his pocket, and got the Committee to pass it without discussion after he had read it aloud. When I mention that the Chairman is Mr. Barnes, a prominent Labour M.P., the references to "millions of money" and the extravagances of the rich may be quite readily understood. The manifesto, indeed, appeared rather like an attempt to set class against class, and was much mistaken in its facts. It even spoke, for example, about the labour at the docks due to the handling of imported cars when, as a matter of fact, the influx of American cars had ceased. Since then the question of petrol shortage has arisen, and this is a very much more important matter, as, obviously, the needs of the naval and military forces must not be interfered with by civilian demands for spirit. The Royal Automobile Club, however, has taken up the matter promptly, and calls upon all private motorists to refrain from needless driving. At the same time, it lays its finger upon

what is declared by the petrol companies to be the only weak spot in the situation. A good many country motorists, it appears, have been hoarding petrol in the fear of a possible shortage, and this has led to the withdrawal of a large number of cans from circulation, and increased the difficulties of distribution. If these cans are restored to use, the distributing companies are confident of being able to keep up the supplies necessary for legitimate purposes.

The Gatwick Argument.

When first the War Savings Committee delivered itself of its *magnum opus*, the denials of motorists in general that there was any appreciable amount of "pleasure motoring" were met with the rejoinder, in the shape of letters in the Press, that large numbers of cars were seen on the road on the occasion of the Gatwick Meeting. The vital factor was ignored that, if racing was officially sanctioned by the Government as a legitimate object, there could be no reasonable objection to the attainment thereof by the employment of cars, which were merely the means to an end, not the end itself. But the fact may now be recalled that, when the propriety or otherwise of holding race-meetings was under discussion, the Government at first sanctioned racing at Newmarket, and then said that the Jockey Club might arrange for other meetings provided that the courses were not required for military purposes, "and no demands were made on the railway companies." If this did not mean that the journey should be made by road, what on earth did it mean?

Motorists are reminded by the Automobile Association that that body has established a Voluntary Service Corps, to meet the desire of

members who are continuously driving their cars in the service of the country, and wish to do so without laying themselves open to the innuendo that they are needlessly consuming petrol. The corps is made up of members of the A.A. resident in all parts of the British Isles, and their work is to a considerable extent guided by the branch offices of the Association, situated in sixteen important cities and towns. Although a tremendous amount of useful work is now being done by members all the country over, there are still additional tasks to be undertaken. In London itself, of course, there are also other

bodies at work, such as the Motor Volunteer Mobilisation Corps (which works systematically in conjunction with the Metropolitan hospitals), and also the Motor Corps of the London Rifle Brigade, the Artists' Rifles, the Motor Ambulance Corps, and others, all of which have done an immense amount of useful work, and given hundreds of thousands of rides to wounded soldiers.



A TOBOGGAN FOR TWO: THE HON. MRS. MAURICE BRETT'S CHILDREN ENJOYING THE SNOW IN SCOTLAND.

Snow—real, thick, clean snow—makes a children's paradise. Little Angela and Tony Brett have evidently found it so during their visit to Scotland. Their mother was formerly well known on the stage as Miss Zena Dare. She married Lord Esher's younger son, who is a Captain in the Black Watch, in 1911.—[Photograph by C.N.]



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Mr. T. W. Murphy, the well-known Assistant-Editor of "Motor News," accompanied the 30-35-h.p. Napier on its memorable Alpine test in September 1913, and has a high opinion of the car's capabilities. The above photograph was taken near Haslemere, and shows Mr. Murphy standing up to admire the view of the Surrey hills.



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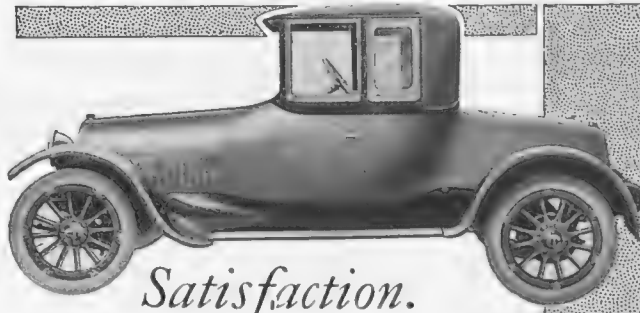
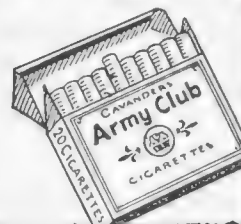
There's no doubt a good cigarette does make you forget the worries of the day, and I've never found one that is liked better than Cavander's 'Army Club.'

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BY HUGH WALPOLE.
(Martin Secker)

Handkerchiefs out and hats off to the best story we have achieved round the war! A Russian ambulance train travelling from Petrograd to the Carpathians, their work on the battlefield, their mutual relations, and the psychology of each of the members as affected by war is a subject in itself of the most attractive. With his delicate understanding of the human mind and a dash of the Conrad manner, Mr. Walpole makes it absorbing. The effect of war upon the human soul—that seems the great matter he went out to see, and he realised very soon how that varies with each soul. The two rival surgeons, the two Englishmen, the little group of women, and Marie—the ardent, flame-like Marie Ivanovna—in their midst, all prove that central truth. "A study, for example, might be made of Anna Petrovna to show that the effect of war is simply nothing at all . . . or of the boy Goga to state that war was an immensely jolly business." But the Otriad, as the Russian ambulance is called, contained more sensitive surfaces than theirs. The human brain beating mysteriously remote, but responsive—so infinitely responsive to every bursting shell in the terrific orchestra of war; responsive to messages of sight and smell that seem unbearable in the telling, yet always triumphantly responsive to a happiness, an exultation that is at the heart of the whole matter—here is a great motif! "My tongue was dry and my brain hot. But I was happy . . . happy with a strange exultation. . . . This happiness, this exultation, is the subject of this book." "War is made up, I believe," wrote the shy, analytic Englishman, "not of shells and bullets, German defeats and

victories, Russian triumphs or surrenders . . . not of smoke and wounds and blood, but of a million, million past thoughts, past scenes . . . little towns, wide spaces of the sea, crowded traffic of New York . . . dances, sickness, theatres, slums, tram-rides"—all the small experiences of one's consciousness. The little group of the

Otriad, shaken, strung up, played upon by elemental emotions of love and war, in retreat from the dark forest where the invisible Austrian manipulated death and disaster, yet with their lighter moments, their many glasses of tea, cherry-jam, cigarettes, and songs, resolves itself into the condition of that traveller cited by Dr. Nikitin, who, feeling the pains, discomforts, and money troubles of travel, crosses a border and finds the new land possess him till he is nothing but a vessel for its beauty. In like manner, Mr. Walpole carves from their temperaments a wonderful vessel that shall convey to each of his readers a personal taste of the beauty, the terror, and, above all, the joy of war.

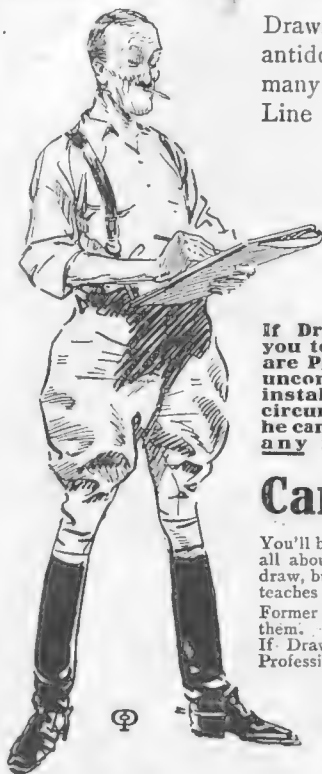
The increasing activity in the Rubber share market lends special interest and value to the just published "*Financial Times Rubber Hand-book*" (1s.), which gives particulars of the younger producing companies, and the *Financial Times* has compiled a handy little volume, giving details of the position of a large selection of companies. This little work has been planned with a view of furnishing the investor with all the information necessary to enable him not only to ascertain the position of a particular company, but to compare it easily with that of the other companies of which details are given. "Rubber Producing Companies," published also by the *Financial Times*, which is in active preparation, will give complete information concerning practically every rubber company in the world.



THE HEIR TO THE THRONE OF SPAIN: THE PRINCE OF THE ASTURIAS.

The young Prince of the Asturias evidently takes after his father, King Alfonso, in a love of outdoor sports and exercise. He will be nine years old in May, having been born at Madrid, on May 10, 1907. He is a "soldier of the 1st Company of the 1st Inmemorial del Rey Infantry Regiment." [Photograph by C.N.]

It's not difficult to learn Sketching. My new methods make the work quite easy.



Drawing gives a quiet pleasure, the antidote to toil and strife. For this reason many Officers and men in the Firing-Line are studying my Postal Courses.

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You'll be interested in my two Prospectuses. They tell all about my Advanced Course for the Artist who can draw, but can't sell; and the Beginner's Course, which teaches illustrative Art from rudiments to finality. Former pupils, men with famous names, have illustrated them. They are a Drawing Lesson in themselves. If Drawing appeals to you, either as a Hobby or Profession, send a post-card for these

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SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS.

George Brinsmead, 27 gns.; nearly new pianoforte by Venables and Co., 14 gns.; a good-toned pianoforte in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12 gns.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley 18 gns.; Collard and Collard, 14 gns.; a splendid-tone short grand, in handsome case, 25 gns.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

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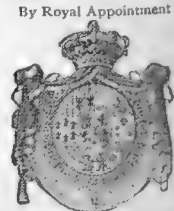
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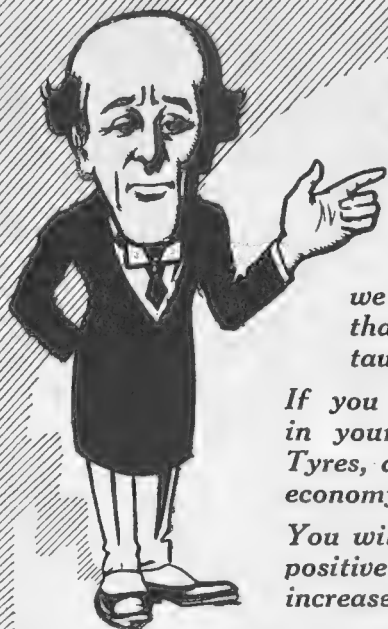
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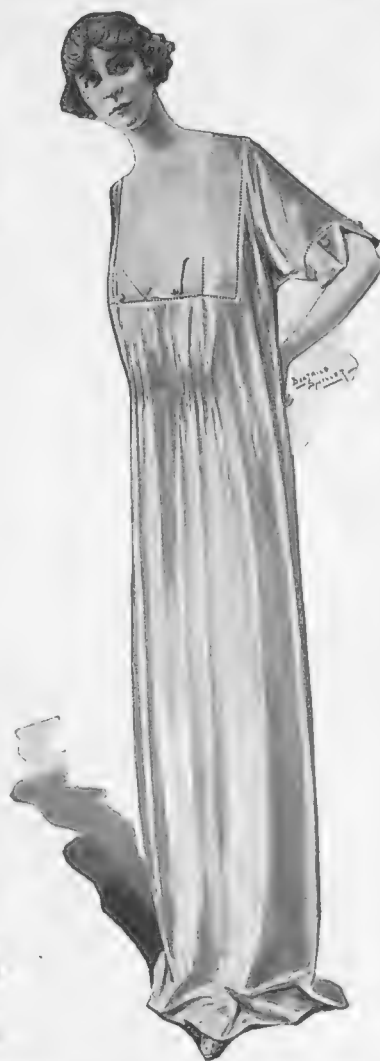
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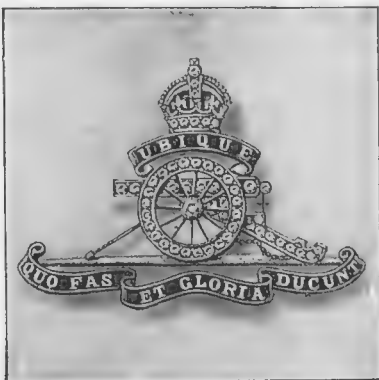
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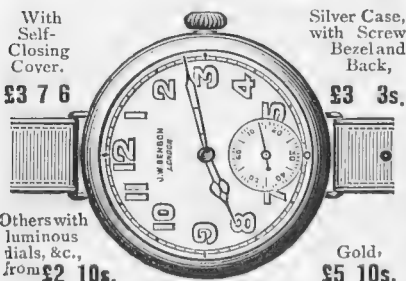
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A SCOTTISH FAMILY, IN FICTION.

"Three Pretty Men."

By GILBERT CANNAN.
(Methuen.)

Serious family history is Mr. Cannan's business with "Three Pretty Men," and such history, he declares, "commences at the point where it begins to be ashamed of its origin." As Margaret Keith, a laird's daughter, married the butcher's son who was a minister, the history begins, and, as far as Mr. Cannan's story is concerned, ends with her children. It is, let it be said at once, a dreary and a dull history upon which a deal of cleverness and care has been spent by its author. The Scotch—pure Kircudbright—call for a light hand if they are to be suitable material for fiction. Like pastry, the elements can so easily be manipulated for the worse. Jamie, his two brothers, his two sisters, and his proud mother are weighed, mixed, and cut out with the dexterity of an experienced chef; but they don't taste good—they are, tiresome and tough. Maggie's misfortune—baldness following upon an accident condemned her to a wig, and a wig to spinsterhood; for, as sister Mary remarked, "Maggie would never take off her wig to any man"—has a sordid touch about its pathos; Mary's long letters to her favourite Jamie, so cultured and reflective that a greater than Mary seems between the lines, are, after all, not so unjustly dismissed by her brother as "Havers." "She's a grand haverer, is Mary," he explained. "She's read so many books." And Jamie himself, the pearl of the three pretty men, found nothing better, after kicking against the pricks of social injustice at home, than to sail for the land of the free—in the States! The hopeless ugliness of English manufacturing country does not help matters. Mr. Cannan appears positively to revel in the bleak dreariness



WIFE OF A FAMOUS ACTOR-MANAGER:
MRS. GERALD DU MAURIER.

Mrs. Gerald du Maurier was well known on the stage as Miss Muriel Beaumont, both for talent and beauty. She made her debut in April 1898, when she "walked on" at the Haymarket, in "The Little Minister."

Photograph by Bassano.

of figures and background; but whether his indisputable cleverness will enable his readers to rejoice likewise is another matter.

Since the war began the work of the R.S.P.C.A. has by no means been confined to the prevention of cruelty to animals. They have rendered very valuable service in the saving of wounded horses at the front and also in establishing and in part equipping some of the necessary hospitals and shelters, the upkeep of which has been taken over by the Government. The Army Council have gratefully accepted and acknowledged the great help given by the R.S.P.C.A. They have benefited the country materially, enabling the work to be carried out more expeditiously and at less cost than would otherwise have been the case. The R.S.P.C.A. are largely extending their work, and ask for financial assistance. They want from £25,000 to £30,000, and will be exceedingly grateful for donations, large or small. Cheques should be crossed "Cutts and Co.," and forwarded to the Hon. Secretary, R.S.P.C.A., 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.

It is natural—and right—at the present time that every woman should give a little extra consideration to her personal appearance. Worry inevitably leaves its unmistakable marks on the face, in the shape of furrows, and so on, but Mrs. Adair, the beauty specialist, of 92, New Bond Street, W., has made a thorough study of facial appearance, and has the happiest knack of making everybody look their very best. A visit to her establishment assures one of this; but according to the number of testimonials she receives, her home treatments are also extremely beneficial for those who cannot pay her a personal visit. Mrs. Adair is always pleased to make an appointment with anyone interested in her work.

THE BEST BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Widowhood of Queen Victoria. Clare Jerrold. 15s. net. (Nash.)
The Austrian Court from Within. Princess Catherine Radziwill. 7s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)
A Merry Banker in the Far East. Walter H. Young. 5s. net. (Bodley Head.)

FICTION.

Chapel. Miles Lewis. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)
The Green Orchard. Andrew Soutar. (Cassell.)
Audrey. Mary Johnston. 2s. net. (Constable.)
These Twain. Arnold Bennett. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Marked Woman. Marie Connor Leighton. 2s. net. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

DALY'S The George Edwardes Production **BETTY**
EVENINGS at 8. MATS. WEDS., THURS., and SATS. at 2. 368th Performance.
Winifred Barnes, Gabrielle Ray, Lauri de Frece, Donald Calthrop, C. M. Lowne, and G. P. HUNTLEY. Box Office, 10 to 10. Telephone, Gerrard 201.

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A NEW MUSICAL PLAY. ROBERT COURTNEIDGE'S Production.
EVERY EVENING at 8.15. MATINEES, WEDS. and SATS. at 2.15.

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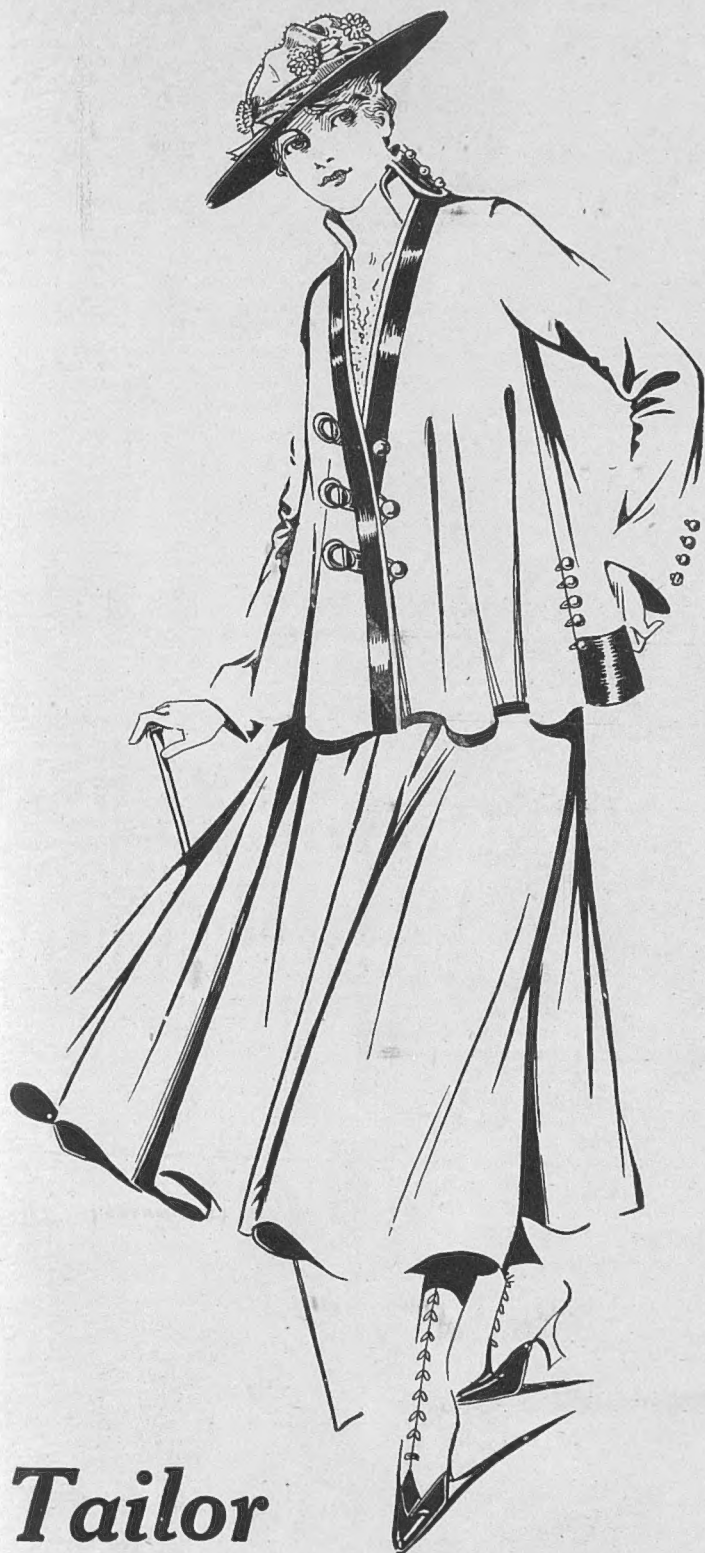
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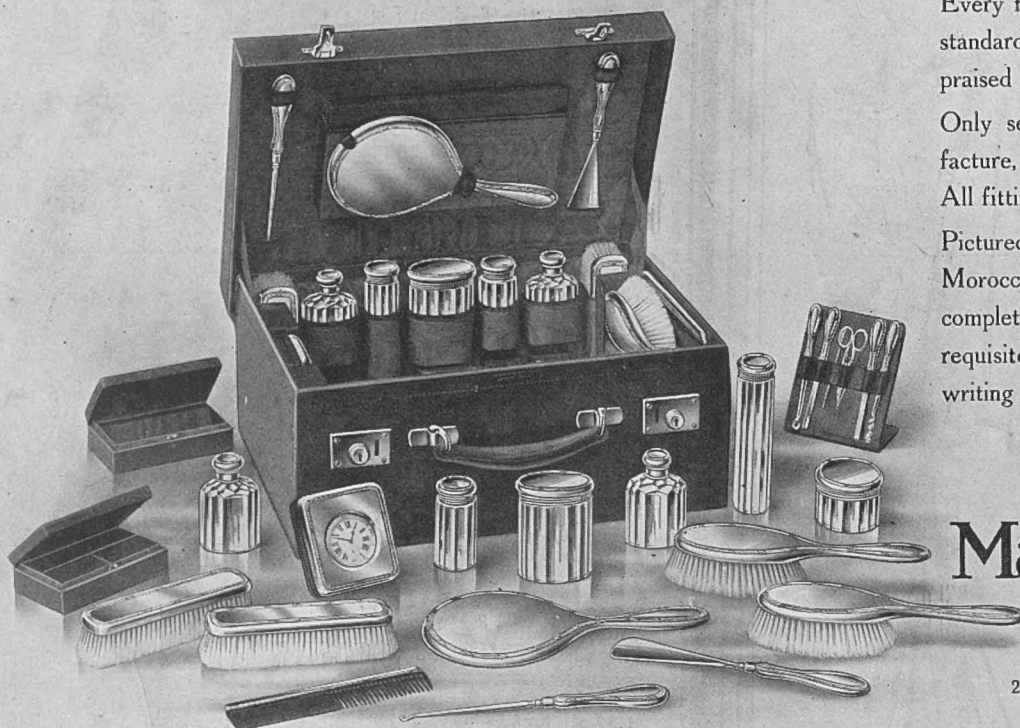
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A SENUSSI CAMEL CONVOY.

THE COSSACK'S HAND "SEARCHLIGHT."

FRENCH CONVOYS ON THE VERDUN ROAD
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IN THE PERSIAN GULF.

GENERAL PÉTAINE, DEFENDER OF VERDUN.

"THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF": A REMARK-
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GRAPHS.

VERDUN IN THE DAYS OF PEACE.

FAMOUS PICTURES SOLD.

A "MEDIÆVAL" SCENE IN PARIS.

A FURNACE AT WORK PREPARING STEEL
FOR A BIG GUN.

FRENCH ROADS "BARRED."

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO AS AIRMAN. Etc., Etc.

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PART 85

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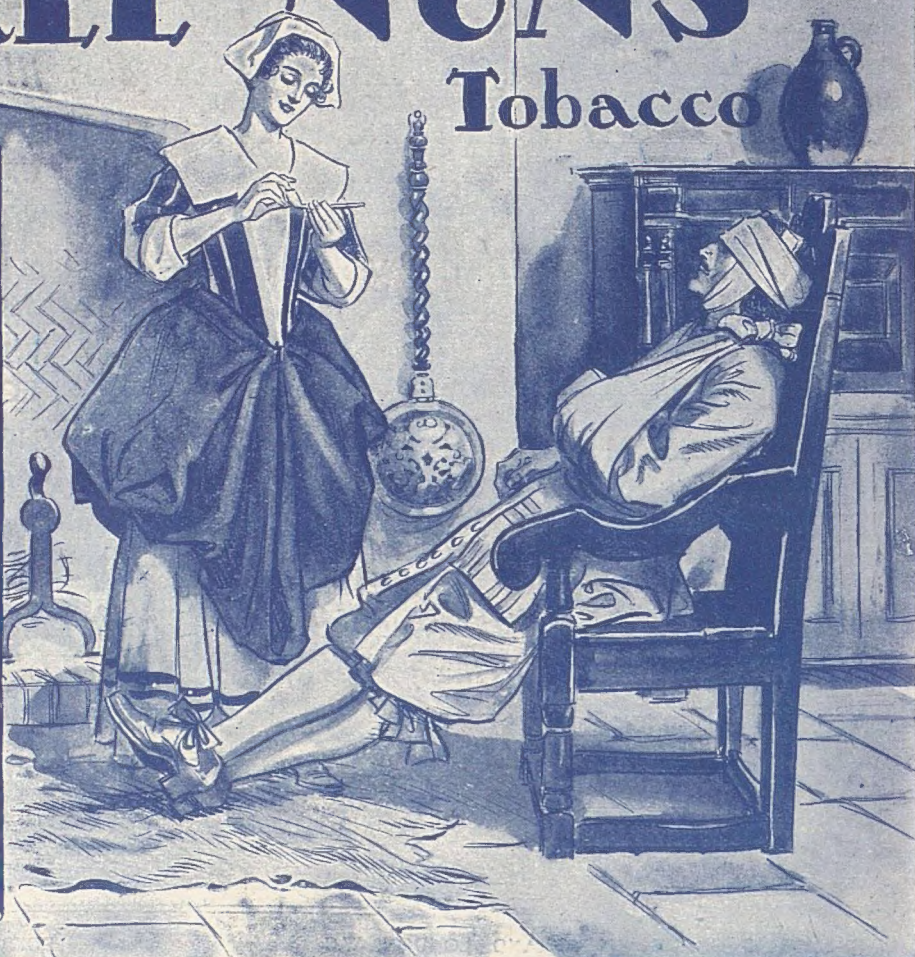
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